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Vol. CLXXXII No. 2374 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 21 1945

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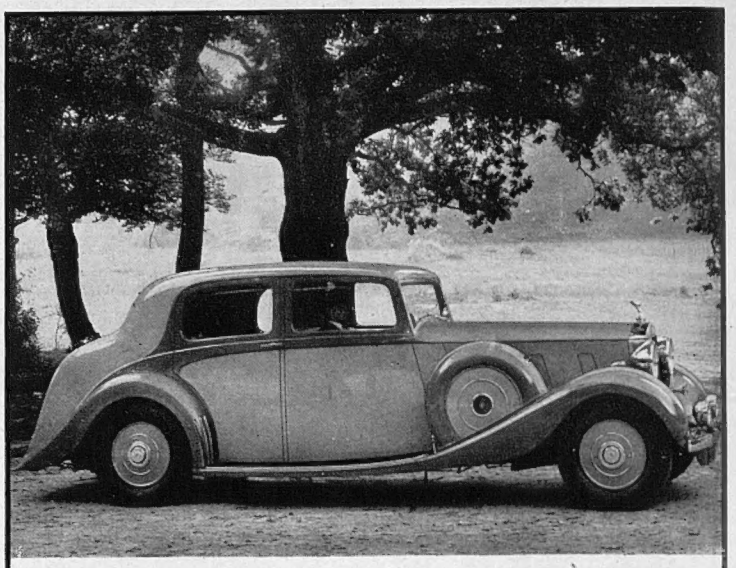

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Volume CLXXXII No. 2374 The SPHERE, London, July 21, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

JUST BEFORE THE PRIME MINISTER LEFT HENDAYE FOR THE BERLIN CONFERENCE : WITH MRS. CHURCHILL, HE POSES FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH ON THE BEACH, wearing his famous "siren suit" and with bare legs. He arrived in Berlin by air on July 15

The Prime Minister's pre-Conference holiday at the Château de Bordaberry, near Hendaye, came to an end on Sunday last. On that day he flew to Berlin straight from the South of France for his meeting with President Truman and Marshal Stalin at the Palace of Sans Souci in Potsdam. Mr. Churchill went to Hendaye just after the General Election : he was accompanied by his wife and his daughter, Mary : for the days preceding the historic Conference now in progress, he bathed in the sea, painted scenes in the Basque country near by, and generally relaxed after his strenuous work of the past few years of war. When he left London, the Prime Minister took his famous "siren suit" with him—and a collection of hats. This picture was taken on the beach just before Mrs. Churchill went for her morning dip : Mr. Churchill, apparently, was only intending to paddle ! Both had obligingly stopped to pose for a local photographer, when another snapped the couple

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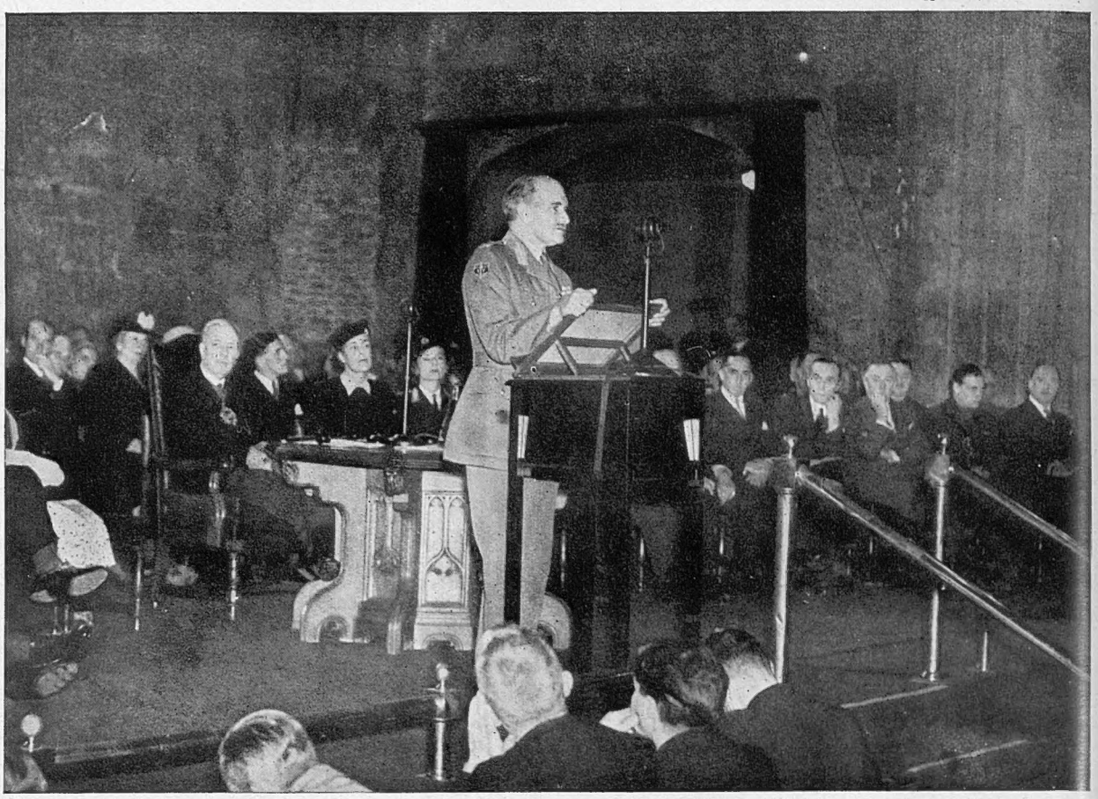
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 307

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Potsdam Picnic.—The agenda is confidential, but it is an open secret that it is also heavy and wide-ranging. The B.B.C. produced a nimble diplomatist to give us a short list of vital subjects to be thrashed out to united agreement. I listened, and when he had mentioned in his cultured voice the first twenty urgent, vital, essential, immediate problems on the list, I realised that twenty years ago any one of them would have been a *casus belli*, the sure seed of a total war, a problem-territory which angels fear to tread. Why, the boundaries of Finland alone, or the status of Esthonia —let alone the eastern boundary of Poland, the German population of Czechoslovakia, the future of Macedonia, the demarcation of Balkan States—any one of these, or the smallest of them, has in the past proved insoluble, and quite enough to doom millions to an early death! And these are not so urgent as the instant economic problems, feeding the starving, setting the wheels of industry going, establishing Governments in leaderless States. And here I saw an extraordinary dilemma, which cuts at the roots of this conference: Unless Russia can see eye to eye with the two Western Allies on the settlement of most of these problems, there is no solution for them which can make for permanent peace. *But*, most of these same problems are almost entirely enclosed in Stalin's broad and closed fist. It is in his power good-humouredly to veto discussion of them, let alone progress to a common settlement. What are the hopes of a happy issue out of an agenda so heavy, so utterly contentious, so fearfully urgent, so indescribably difficult? Potsdam will be no picnic. A week at Hendaye, a week's sea voyage—the Big Western two will need all this and more to recruit their forces for the coming tug-of-war, though the will-to-peace, discipline, restraint and broad vision preside over and direct the deliberations, as we hope they will.

D-Day for Japan?—"From the lone shieling on the misty island Mountains divide us and the Waste of Seas." Certainly Japan is a very misty island to us in Britain to-day, and the fogs and smoke-screens of war and thousands of miles separate us from the realities and logistics of the invasion of the mainland. To us here, it all seems premature. Deployment is a tremendous task; organisation for such a task an affair of months, to judge by European precedents. Only yesterday the Allies in the East were establishing precarious footholds and forward bases widely dispersed. On the other hand, the Japanese openly and daily declare that D-Day is upon them; and the Allied air, sea and land chiefs confirm that the softening-up process from the air has already reached the intensity which preceded D-Day in Europe. President Truman and Mr. Churchill have more than once hinted that events may move quicker than generally anticipated, although among Service chiefs on the spot warnings are often put out against over-optimism. The shielings on the misty island have been certainly battered enough to justify the great adventure, but our minds in Britain are by no means yet prepared for it. There was so much to do; there are so many alternatives for large-scale offensives. In short, we are very ill-informed as to preparations made and preparations still to be made; as to plan and place and time. We can only suppose that big events may be expected somewhere soon. Meanwhile, the order of the day in the air and on the sea is a routine—a very arduous routine—of softening and of blockading,



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, OF THE FOURTEENTH ARMY IN BURMA, gives an address on the campaign against the Japs, at the Guildhall in London: Now on leave in London after leading his army to triumphs in Burma, General Slim has just been telling Londoners what they owe to Londoners out in the East. Speaking in the bomb-stricken Guildhall before a distinguished audience, he recalled early days in the jungle, when the Fourteenth Army suffered badly from sickness: now, he said, their health was better than that of the troops in Germany. Speaking of Londoners, of whom he asked for more, he said: "Wherever they go they bring that resilience of spirit, that indomitable Cockney humour, which makes a jest not only of the most tragic thing, but of themselves."

in which the British Navy and Air Forces are now playing a notable part.

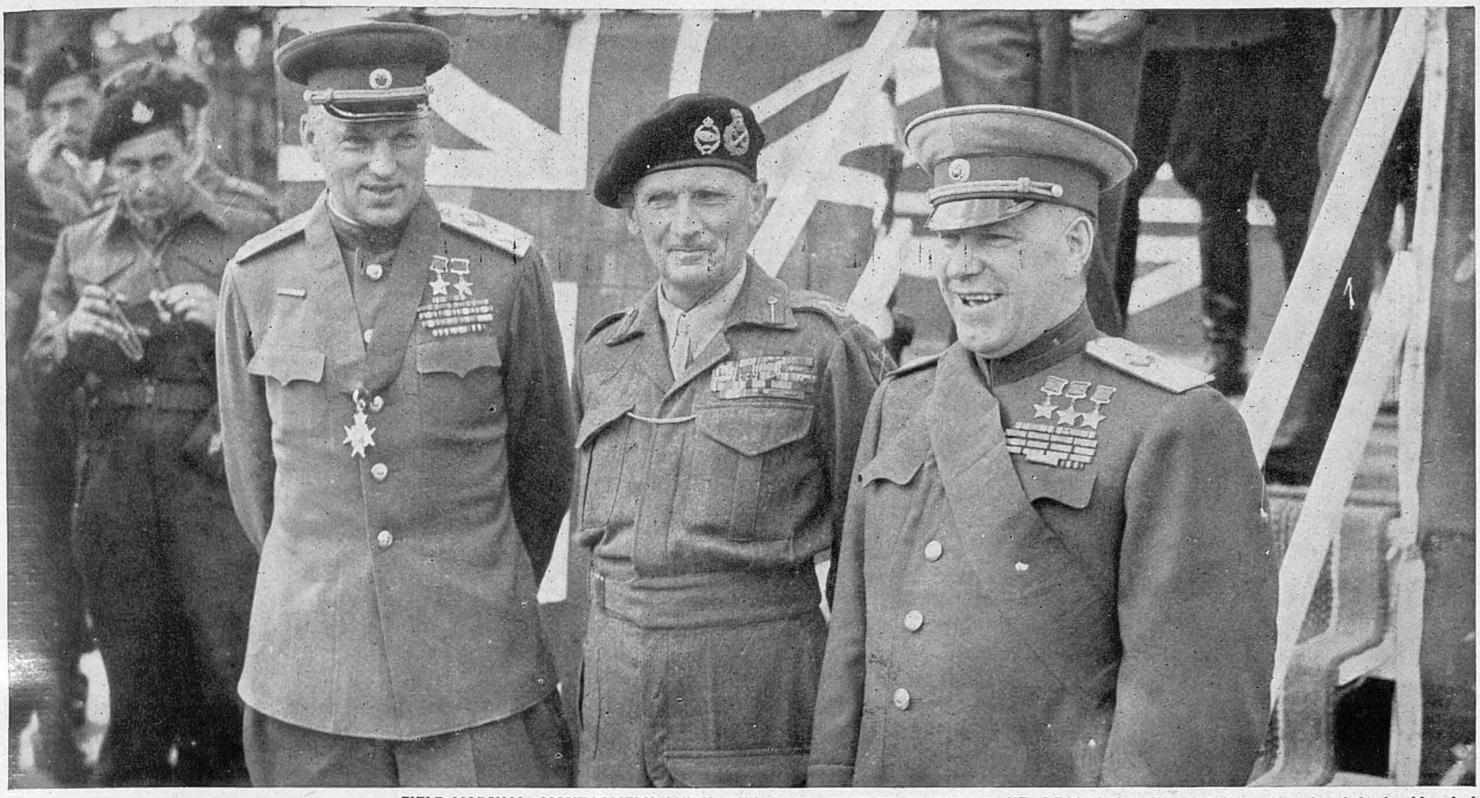
Of Mice and Men.—Perhaps a General Election turns us all into cynics. To-day, we wonder how any public man dares to make any confident assertion, promise or prophecy in any circumstance, at any time. We have seen promises crumbling like piecrust, and assertions fool's-capped, and prophecies contradicted on every conceivable subject and with the briefest delay. How short a time ago we heard, and agreed, that non-fraternisation was common sense and justice and essential. How short a time ago we were told, and agreed, that if ever a major Nazi criminal fell into our hands he would be strung-up instanter. How sure we all were when we were assured that the occupation of Germany by the three Allied Armies would go like clockwork, eased by the oil of complete mutual trust and understanding. How sure we all were that Germany at least would have to live on her own agricultural resources this winter. Four out of a hundred instances of piecrust assurances. And now? Fraternisation between Britons and Germans is on. And now? Goering, Ribbentrop and Hess are all "reading the illustrated papers" and counting every day that passes as another brick in their safety walls. And in Berlin the Russians and the Western Allies smell each other like strange dogs, and we must expect a further tightening of the belt in all Allied countries to help in feeding those poor, tragically-plighted Berliners. I say nothing of the rights and wrongs of these promised policies or their contradictions. I merely pillory confident assertions by public men on any subject under the sun.

The Vacuum.—In the vacuum between July 5 and July 26—we were most of us vividly conscious of the vacuum—we still had a Government (a caretaker Government, with the chief housemaid or charlady taking a well-earned rest before assuming still heavier responsibilities). And I suppose that Government was always at work with brooms and dusters, searching out dust and cobwebs and cleaning up. But, as I say, a sense of suspended animation hung over the domestic scene. There are matters of comparatively small moment crying out for decisions. For instance, the question of the maximum expenditure on repair and decoration of non-blitzed houses calls for some pronouncement. Such builders as are available regard the £10 limit as a patchwork soon to be revoked, or as a mere gesture to be evaded, while others refuse to touch such essential work because it is not worth moving ladders and gear for a "half-day job," which a £10 limit implies. And the petrol ration. The pittance granted as "basic" has proved nothing but an embarrassment. The regional offices have been literally flooded by applications, and their routine work of granting special business applications—which now once more enters its peak period—is hopelessly handicapped. Every branch of the trade has discovered that the dole of basic has proved a weak compromise—it has raised hopes and made work, without giving a fillip to a vital industry. Until that basic dole is increased—and no one denies there is plenty of petrol to justify an increase—and until the purchase-tax question is grappled, this great industry, which can do so much to restart our export trade, will remain hesitant and in the doldrums. Two instances out of many at home. International problems, of course, loom larger, but the parish pump is still the heart and centre of Britain; and never before have I felt the need of action and decision by a clear-headed Government on the many muddles and puzzles and compromises which to-day hold up progress on the Home Front.

King Leopold.—Charles II was an unconscionable time a-dying He himself expressed, in his pleasant, sardonic, humorous way, his awareness that it is embarrassing to draw out interminably the business of passing on a crown. King Leopold has not shown this awareness. But we are in no position to blame him. He is part of the constitution of his country; a trustee must think seriously before divesting himself of his responsibilities and a Sovereign is very much a trustee, with the gravest and largest of responsibilities. The fact remains that too much fog has enveloped the negotiations. No doubt it is no one's business but the Belgians' themselves; yet all democratic countries which favour monarchy must feel a deep interest in the drama, and never was one played out like this, with the safety-curtain down between actors and audience. The Belgian nation itself is in the dark. The outside world is blindfold as to the root causes of the crisis. Does it go back to the King's capitulation as head of his Armies in 1940? (There have been scores of authoritative apologists on this point.) To his second marriage? To his penchant for seeking advice from private and perhaps unpopular councillors? Has his bad health had something to do with it? Or is the root cause broader based on age-old political issues, bilingual or religious? We are in the dark. One is inclined to suspect that the root causes *are* more personal than political, for the reason that the issue always appeared to be the abdication of the Monarch and not the extinction of the Monarchy in Belgium. King Leopold's case has been the worst sufferer from the haze which has surrounded the negotiations.

Canadian Copy-book.—The recent incidents in Aldershot, caused by hot-headed Canadian conscripts, cannot possibly be held by any of us who have lived among Canadian troops during the war to blot the copy-book of the Canadian Army in England. It is, in all the circumstances, and will remain, a model document. I have seen these Canadians as neighbours year after year; I have worked with them and under them in the Home Guard; I have quite often listened to their defences on minor charges in the Magistrates' Courts; and I can testify to their worth, their decency, their discipline and their goodness of heart. They are the salt of the earth; and I don't exclude their minor delinquents, who are so notably anxious to admit blame and to pay for their fun or folly when proven, and to repair any damage they may have caused. It is human nature that men so long separated from their homes and families and womenfolk should weary of delays and sometimes jump the rails. (*One* result of such strayings may perhaps invigorate the rising generation in the Old Country; I cannot take the high morality line about that inevitable frailty of human nature, which is never all on one side.) As for the special cause of the Aldershot riots, those who remember the winter of 1918-19 in France and Flanders would be the last to raise eyebrows. Hope deferred makes the heart sick and turns the weakest whisper or rumour into a towering concrete fact and grievance. This salt of the earth has not lost its savour for me.

THE OLD STAGER

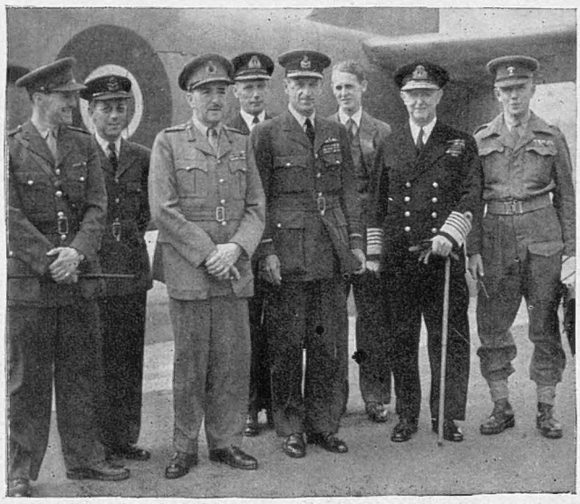


FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY WITH THE TWO RUSSIAN MARSHALS HE DECORATED IN BERLIN: On the left is Marshal Rokossovsky, invested with the K.C.B., on the right is Marshal Zhukov, invested with the G.C.B.

The INVESTITURE IN BERLIN

On Thursday of last week, the two leading commanders of the Red Army—Marshals Zhukov and Rokossovsky—and two other Russian generals, were decorated by Field-Marshal Montgomery on the orders of the King. The Investiture took place in the centre of Berlin: at its conclusion, the three marshals and their suites went to a specially erected saluting-base at the Charlottenburg Chaussee, where Marshal Zhukov took the salute at the march past of the Guard of Honour, and where this picture was taken

MR. ATTLEE, LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY, at Northolt, prior to leaving for the Big Three Conference in Berlin: He travelled by air in his own special plane



THE CHIEFS OF STAFF AT NORTHOLT AIRPORT—a picture taken just before they boarded the plane for Berlin: From left to right are—Lieut.-Colonel Boyle; Squadron-Leader Eeley; Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke; Captain S. Shaw; Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal; Mr. Crawford; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham; and Lieut.-Colonel Charrington

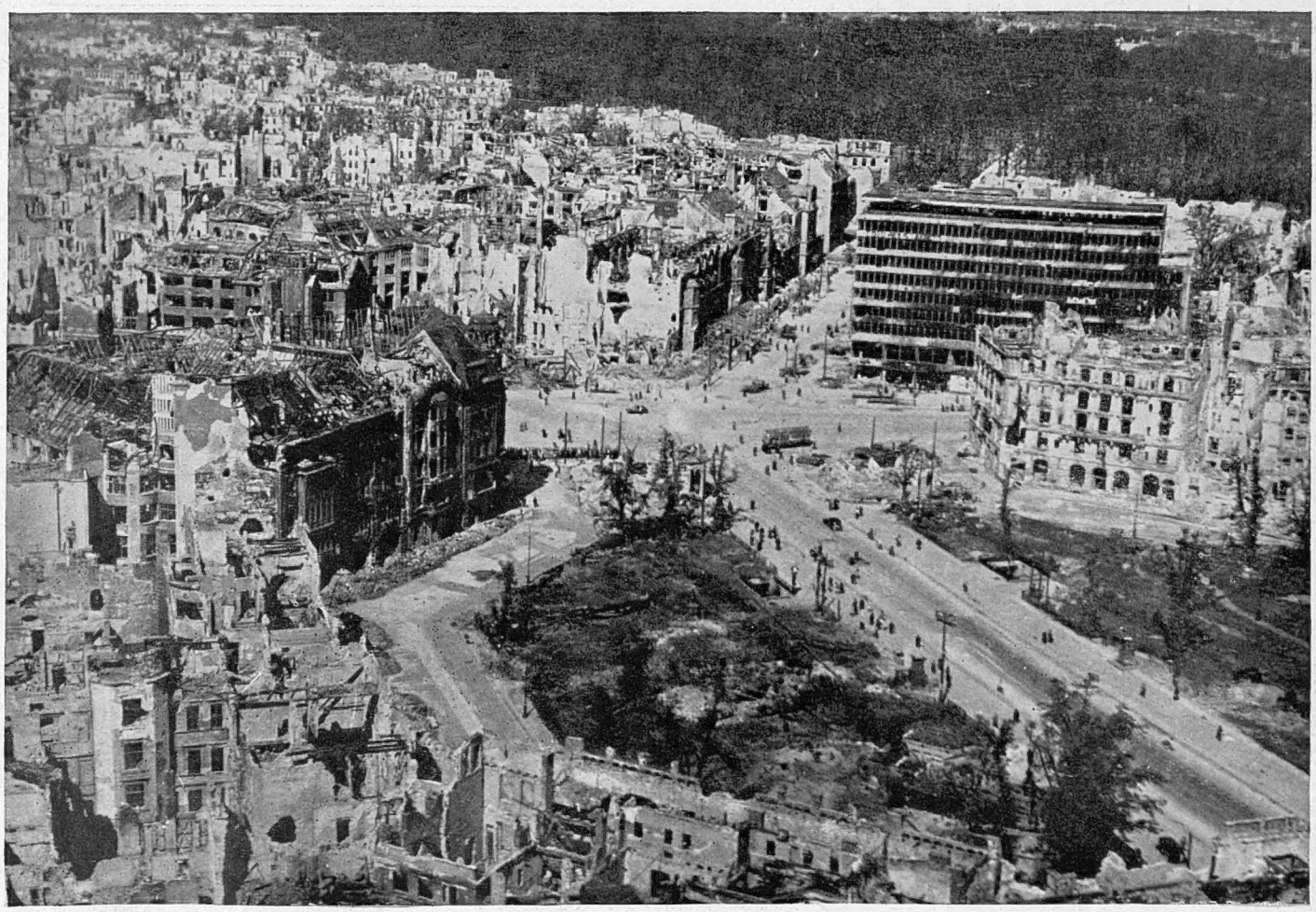
RECOVERED FROM HIS RECENT ILLNESS. Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, makes his first re-appearance: He flew to Berlin on Sunday last in an aircraft of Transport Command. Here he is seen with Air Commodore R. L. R. Atcherley, who commands the station from which he took his departure on Sunday last

PRESIDENT TRUMAN IN BRUSSELS on his way to the Conference: He is here inspecting the 137th Regiment at Brussels Airport before emplaning for Berlin. He fought with this regiment in the last war

MR. TRUMAN, MR. "JIMMY" BYRNES AND THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO BRUSSELS (MR. CHARLES SAWYER) driving from the quay at Antwerp to the airport at Brussels. Crowds jammed the quay to cheer the President

The DEPARTURE for the BIG THREE CONFERENCE

By Sunday last, the British and American leaders at the Berlin Conference had arrived in the German capital: Marshal Stalin travelled by train over the newly-restored Moscow-Warsaw-Berlin route. The Conference is being held at the Palace of Sans Souci in Potsdam, and the whole area has been "sealed off" on grounds of military security. The Prime Minister flew from Hendaye: President Truman crossed the Atlantic in the American cruiser *Augusta*, which landed him at Antwerp: from there he drove to Brussels and flew on to Berlin



THE POTSDAMER PLATZ, BEING NEAR TO MANY IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, RECEIVED A TERRIBLE POUNDING FROM THE ALLIED AIR FLEETS. It lies to the south of Unter den Linden, and most of the traffic moving towards the south-west of the city passed through this area. Not a building remains whole around the Platz, and much of the rubble still remains to be cleared. The eight-storey building in the upper right of this view is the only one which still retains some of its former appearance—and even that is unusable for its designed purpose

The WRECKED HEART of BERLIN

Four Striking Aerial Views of the Ruins in the City Centre

The pictures reproduced here were taken a few days ago from an Allied aircraft flying over the centre of Berlin. They show in a manner hitherto not attempted the great devastation caused by the big Allied air raids on the German capital during the closing stages of the European War. All observers agree that, whereas the remoter suburbs escaped serious damage, the heart of the city has been bombed out of existence. Practically all the most important Government buildings and the big hotels are mere shells, whose walls are still crashing to the ground where the bomb-clearance parties have been unable to bring them down. As shown on other pages in this issue, squads of German women are now being paid by the Russians to assist in the work of clearing away the ruins

THE ANHALTER STATION AND THE SHELL-TORN BUILDINGS WITH WHICH IT IS SURROUNDED: This was built during the years 1875-80 and was "the first German railway station to be constructed on artistic lines." These lines are now somewhat blurred, as is the whole district lying beyond it. The station lies near the Potsdamer Platz and was a target for our bombing planes. Although many of the houses and business premises seen here still stand, their interiors and roofs are completely wrecked: many of them exhibit holes of tremendous size where big bomb-splinters have struck

THE PRIDE OF BERLIN: THE VAST REICHSCHANCELLERY, WHICH WAS HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE CAPITAL. This faces a square in which are now parked the vehicles of American and British soldiers: within the walls of the building is a square right inside the entrance where the Führer used to park his car. On the right side of the Chancellery is a huge garden: in this was the shelter where Adolf and Eva lived during the final assault on Berlin by the Russians. Outside this same shelter is the supposed grave in which the two were buried. During the Battle for Berlin this spot was the H.Q. of the defenders: it and its surrounding Governmental buildings in the city's "Whitehall" are all in ruins, with much of the debris still lying where it fell

IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, A HUGE CLOUD OF DUST RISES AS ONE OF THE TOTTERING WALLS COLLAPSES: This is a common occurrence in an area where there are so many shattered buildings that it is difficult for the small labour forces to decide which is the most dangerous. Hardly a roof remains whole: those with a semblance of solidity merely cover interiors which were wrecked by the terrific concussions as Allied "block-busters" exploded near by

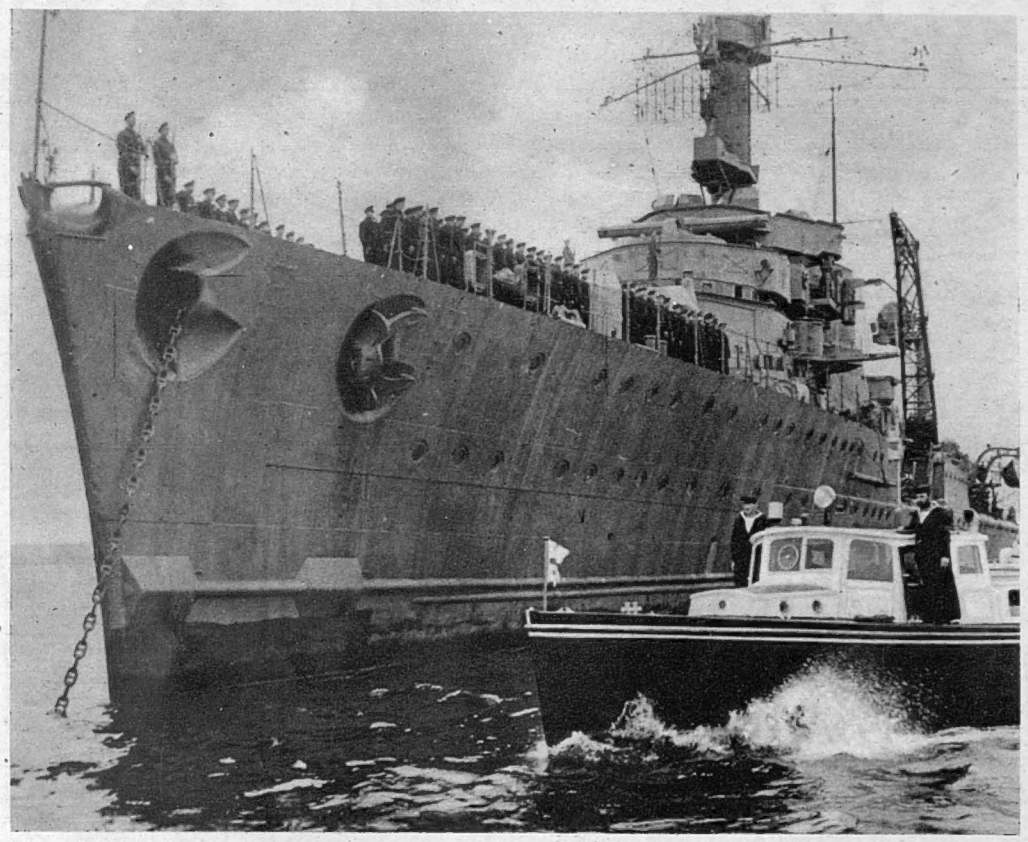
FROM GERMANY AND HUNGARY

Scenes Under the Allied Occupation

Wednesday, July 4, 1945, was a remarkable day for the North Rhine Province of Germany, inasmuch as from that date the people of this large part of Germany received the first civilian representative Government since the advent of Nazi dictatorship. At 11 a.m. a meeting was held in Dusseldorf at Military Government H.Q., when Colonel J. A Barraclough, Commander of the Military Government of the North Rhine Province, read to the civilian representatives of all the large towns in the province a Charter outlining the principles of democratic government, and appointing a Governmental leader, or President. He is a German, Dr. Hans Fuchs, and has been carefully selected by the Military Government. His official description is "Oberpresident of the North Rhine Province." The assembly consisted of all the heads of departments of the civilian Government and the mayors of large towns in the North Rhine Province, Colonel Barraclough's staff and military heads of Government and the commanders of the M.G. detachments in Dusseldorf, Cologne and Aachen. A Charter, ordering implicit obedience to orders from the M.G. through Dr. Fuchs and from Dr. Fuchs alone, was read to the German representatives

THE FIRST CIVILIAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT SINCE THE ADVENT OF THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP: Dr. Hans Fuchs, the new "Oberpresident of the North Rhine Government," listening to the reading of the Charter at Dusseldorf. He has been carefully selected by the Military Government authorities

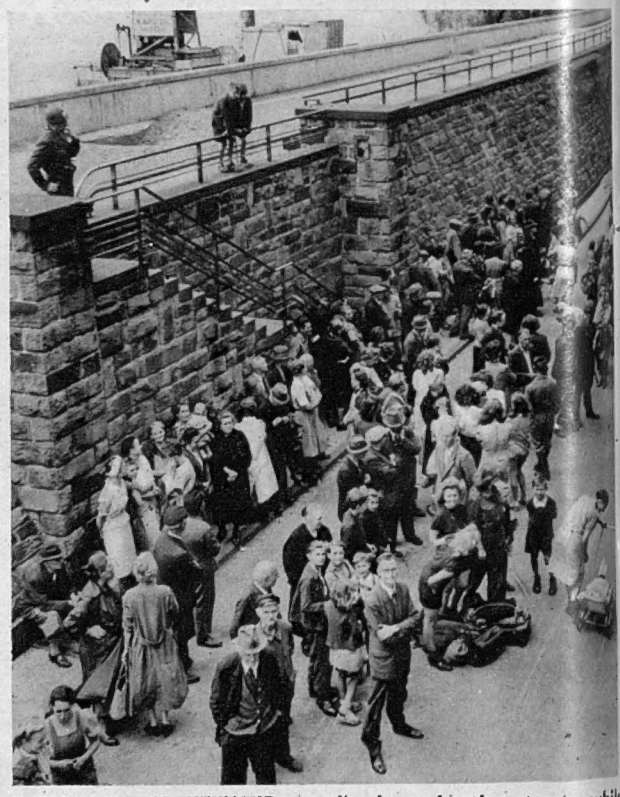
COLONEL J. A. BARRACLOUGH, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH RHINE PROVINCE, reads the Charter of Government to the assembly of Germans at Dusseldorf



DISCIPLINE FOR THE GERMAN CRUISER "LEIPZIG" after the crew had ignored the passage past their vessel of a British Admiral at Kiel—the crew line the deck as the Admiral passes in his barge for the second time. The battle-scarred German cruiser *Leipzig* called in at Kiel for a two-day halt, and was passed by the barge of Rear-Admiral H. T. Baillie-Grohman, British Flag Officer at Kiel. The German ship ignored the red-and-white Admiral's flag, and no salute was given. The Admiral, intending to bring home to the Germans their defeat, ordered the ship's captain to fall in his crew the following morning and to pay proper respects when his barge passed. At ten o'clock on July 2, the Admiral's barge left Kiel Harbour. This time the British Admiral was not ignored—for all the ship's crew lined the deck

REAR-ADMIRAL H. T. BAILLIE-GROHMAN on board his barge near the German cruiser "Leipzig" at Kiel

MORE ART TREASURES UNCOVERED IN GERMANY: The scene in one of the rooms of a cottage near Remagen, showing some of the paintings discovered by the Americans



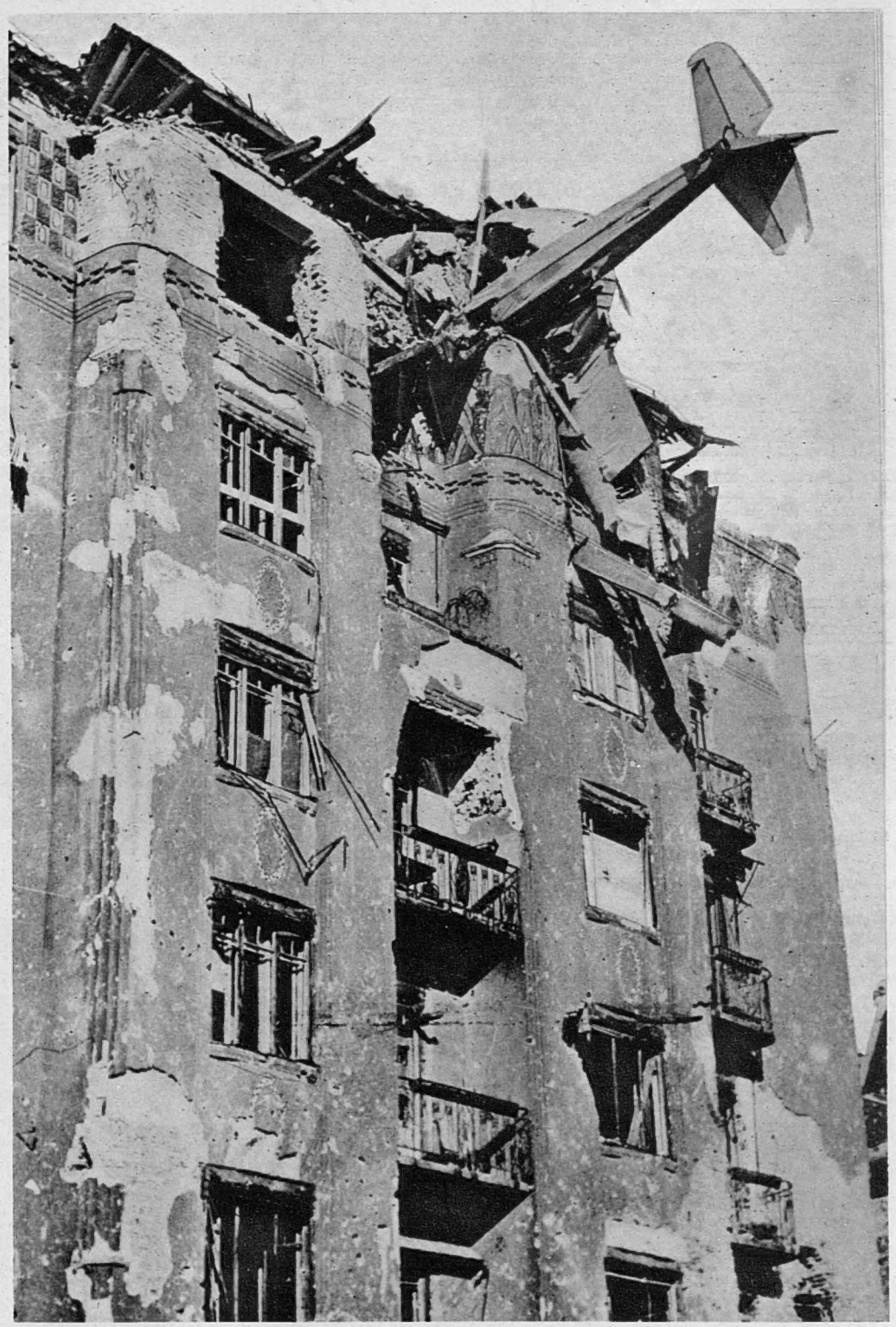
INHABITANTS OF NEUWEID are lined up in the streets while American soldiers hunt for looted treasure: A special "Task force" of the U.S. Army is carrying out raids on the homes of Germans in their search for missing art treasures and antiques looted in occupied European countries. As a result of these raids two caches of famous European art works have been discovered. The paintings seen in the picture on the left were found in a cottage near Remagen. The collection is believed to have been stolen by the Germans as they were being removed from Hoffmanstal, in Austria, to England at the outbreak of war. The works include Rembrandts and Van Dycks. At Neuweid, art works belonging to Amsterdam and Antwerp Museums were discovered in the home of an agent acting for Alfred Rosenberg

ED ARMY OFFICERS AMONGST THE PATRONS OF THE CAFÉ FEMINA : A number of night-clubs have reopened in occupied Berlin. Most popular is the Café Femina, where British and Red Army officers can drink together to victory and a lasting peace. Note the medals and orders worn by the Russian officers seen in this picture

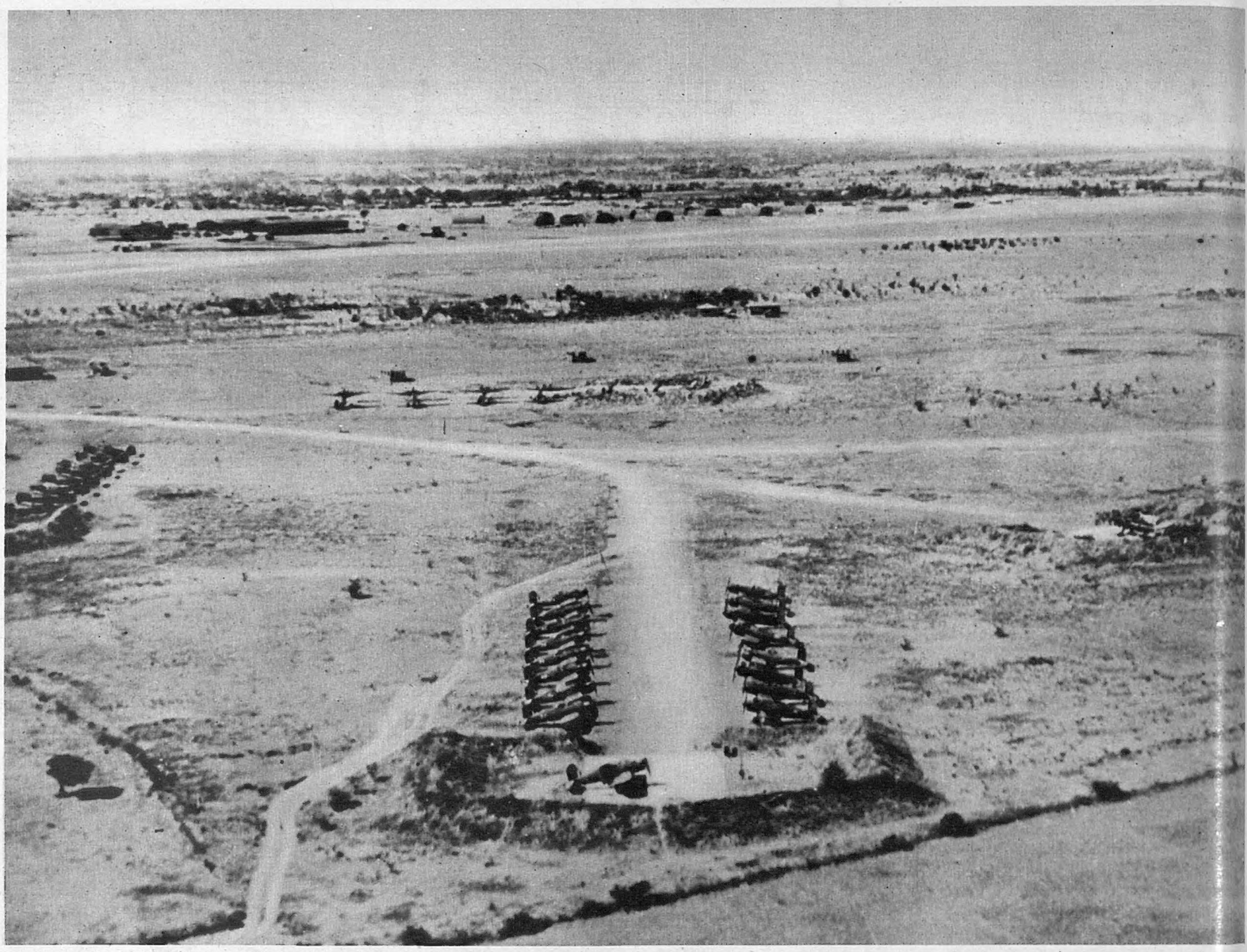
IN A BERLIN NIGHT-CLUB NOW OPEN TO ALLIED TROOPS : The orchestra members in the Café Femina, Berlin, hold their breath as a performer reaches a critical stage of her act, put on for the benefit of Allied officers visiting the newly-reopened night-club. On the wall a portrait of Stalin is prominently displayed

HONORARY "DESERT RATS" ENTERTAIN THE BRITISH TROOPS IN GERMANY : A number of "displaced persons" in Germany have been formed into an excellent concert party, and are now entertaining the British occupation troops in and around Berlin. They wear British battle-dress, with the "Desert Rat" badge on their shoulders. Here a group of them (wearing the badge of the Queens) are watching a British column marching into Berlin

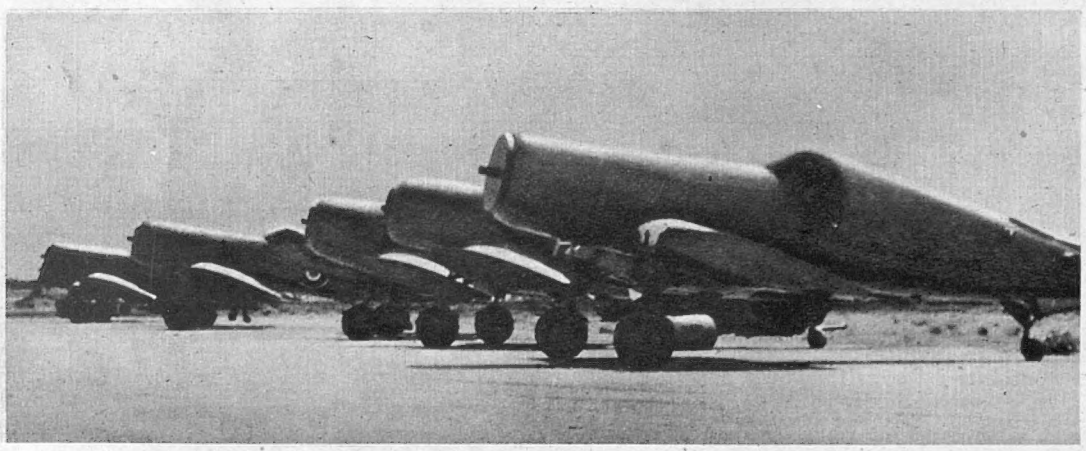
A MILITARY WEDDING IN GERMANY—the eighty-third ceremony celebrated by the Chaplain : This picture was taken at the Sixth British General Hospital, near Isenhulm, when Company Sergeant-Major Ernest Weir, late of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, now with 318-9 Military Government, married A.T.S. Jean Routledge, attached to the hospital. The bride is twenty-four years old and the bridegroom twenty-seven years. It was by pure luck that they found themselves stationed fairly close together, and the wedding was arranged and took place within forty-eight hours. The Rev. Charles Bryan, who officiated, is attached to the hospital : in peacetime he was priest in charge of Rievaulx Abbey, of Hemsley, in Yorkshire. This was his eighty-third military wedding



A REMINDER OF THE GRIMNESS OF WAR FROM BUDAPEST, CAPITAL OF HUNGARY, now in the hands of the Russians : Budapest, attractive tourist city before the war, bears many ugly scars from the three-months siege which ended in the rout of the German and Hungarian armies by the Russians on February 13. As a result of this bastion being overthrown, the Russian armies were able to battle their way to Berlin. The enemy lost 150,000 men killed or captured during the terrific fighting for the Hungarian capital city ; and there are many signs of the grimness of the struggle



THE GROWTH OF R.N.A.S. "COCHIN" HAS BEEN PROPORTIONATE TO ITS INCREASING COMMITMENTS: Begun eighteen months ago by two officers and a handful of ratings, it is now a hive of industry round a fine, large airfield with runways, hangars, garages, workshops, stores, offices and ample accommodation for a growing staff. "Cochin" is on the romantic Malabar coast: naval aircraft arrive here from Britain and the United States for ultimate flight to the carriers operating in the Far East



A LINE OF "MUMMIFIED," ERENOLISED CORSAIR FIGHTERS WAITING TO BE STRIPPED AT R.N.A.S. "COCHIN": Erenol is a rubber-like solution which is sprayed over the assembled fuselage; when dry it forms a thin skin which is weatherproof and which protects the aircraft on the deck of a merchant ship. This skin is peeled off after arrival, and underneath is a brand-new fuselage. Our picture shows how the Corsairs arrive at the station, minus wings and propeller

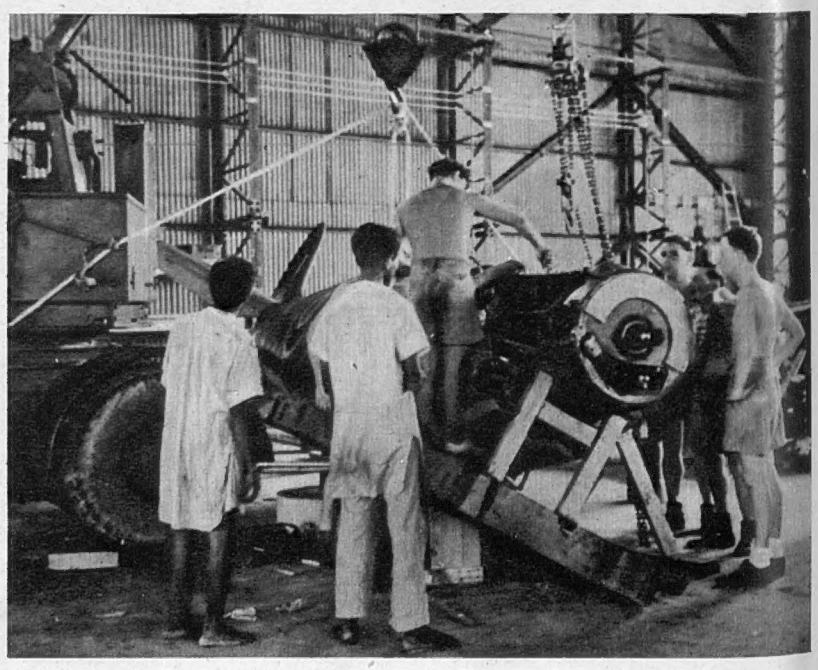
BUILDING UP THE NAVY'S AIR ARM

Scenes at the R.N.A.S. "Cochin" on the Malabar Coast

The Royal Navy has had many problems to tackle in this war for which it has no precedent. In the past its overwhelming concern was seagoing ships and their companies. Now, mainly as the result of the extraordinary expansion of its Air Branch, the Navy has had to organise and maintain huge shore establishments, most of which are situated round airfields.

It is well known that when Naval aircraft come off the production lines of aircraft factories in the U.K. and the U.S.A., they do not go straight to aircraft-carriers. Many things have to be done to them before they can be used in combat against the enemy. First of all, they have to be delivered to a Reception Unit. One such is R.N.A.S. *Cochin*, on the romantic, adventurous Malabar coast of Southern India. The whole activity of this station is devoted to taking delivery of Naval aircraft shipped from the U.K. and the U.S.A., assembling, test-flying and ferrying them on to the next Naval Air Station in the chain of servicing establishments through which they have to pass before they reach the carriers fit for operational service. They come in various ways. Some are packed in sections in huge packing-cases. Others are ferried, practically fully assembled, lashed to the flight decks and hangar decks of escort carriers. Many are treated with Erenol and shipped as deck cargo in the ships of the Merchant Service. Erenol is a rubber-like solution which is sprayed in liquid form all over the assembled fuselage and centre section. When it dries, it forms a thin skin which is weatherproof. This skin is peeled off after arrival and there, underneath, is a brand-new fuselage.

The growth of R.N.A.S. *Cochin* has been proportionate to its increasing commitments. Started eighteen months ago by two officers and a handful of ratings, it now has a large airfield. Native labour, both skilled and unskilled, has been employed extensively in its development.



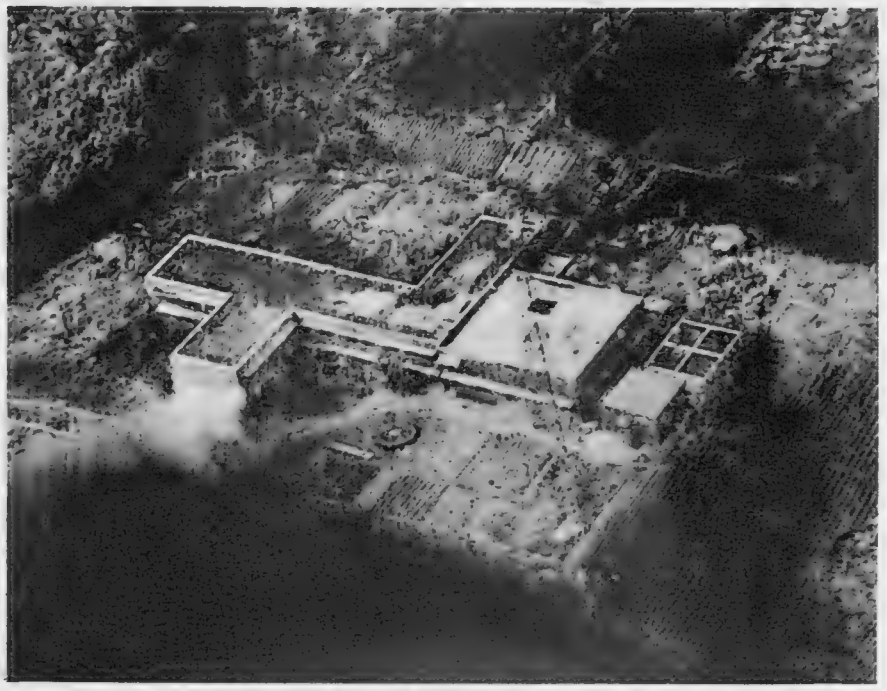
***On right*—AFTER BEING UNPACKED BY LOCAL LABOUR, the aircraft are assembled in spacious hangars by skilled fitters, riggers, electricians, radio mechanics and armourers**

RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN, where the Kommandantura (the four-Power ruling body) met to settle the problem of feeding German civilians in the British and American sectors of the city

THE FOUR MILITARY RULERS OF BERLIN: Major-General Floyd Parks (U.S.), Colonel-General Gorbatov (Russia—Chief Commandant of the City), Major-General Lyne (British) and General Geoffrey Beauchesne (France) at their first meeting. The Kommandantura had their first meeting at the Russian Headquarters on July 11, when agreement was reached on the feeding of German civilians in the British and American sectors. Each of the four commanders will serve in turn as Chief Military Commander: the term of each will be fifteen days, with General Gorbatov of the Red Army as the first

NEWS-PICTURES from GERMANY and JAPAN

THE SEARCH FOR SOUVENIRS IN THE BERLIN CHANCELLERY: Tangled supports of the roof hang low over a party of British and American troops and war reporters searching Hitler's Headquarters for souvenirs. They found many—notably a large number of Iron Crosses and other medals and orders



IN THE PACIFIC, THE BRITISH NAVY ATTACKS THE JAP ISLAND STRONGHOLD AT TRUK: This picture was taken on June 14-15, during the air-and-sea bombardment of enemy installations at Truk atoll, in the Carolines, by carrier aircraft of the British Pacific Fleet. Firefly aircraft had just loosed their rocket projectiles, to score direct hits on the Moen radio station, when this picture was secured. The buildings are well on fire and were later burned out. Truk island has been converted into a Pacific "Gibraltar": Moen lies alongside it, and is the Japanese air base

BROADCASTING TO THE JAPS A CALL FOR SURRENDER: Before the final capture of Okinawa, the Americans converted a naval Landing Craft into a floating broadcasting station. From it a Japanese prisoner broadcast to his countrymen hiding in the caves on shore, telling them that they were assured of good treatment if they delivered themselves into American hands. His broadcast was followed by a mass surrender of the Japanese within that area

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE BROADCAST: A Jap naval Lieutenant comes out to surrender on the island of Okinawa

A CLOSE-UP OF THE NAVAL OFFICER: The broadcast by the Americans resulted in one of the biggest mass surrenders yet recorded

SCENES from the PACIFIC

FIGHTING METHODS of the JAPS

With Recent Photographs from the Battle Areas on Land

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*

ANOTHER "SUICIDE" METHOD OF THE JAPS: AFTER CRASHING THEIR PLANE ON YONTAN AIRFIELD, ON OKINAWA ISLAND, the crew poured out of the wrecked aircraft with hand-grenades and explosives to wreck ground installations. They were met by the airfield guards and mown down before they could do any damage—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Not only do the Jap pilots dive-bomb to destruction in their efforts to stop the progress of the Allied forces; they also carry out "suicide" crash-landings on Allied airfields. The idea is that the plane shall belly-land so that the ground staff are taken by surprise: the occupants—or those who survive—then pour out with grenades and bombs to do as much damage as possible in the short time which such a surprise visit gives them. In the case recorded here, the Jap crew from the crashed Mitsubishi bomber were met with such quick response on the part of the American guards at the airfield that they were rapidly disposed of

THE GREAT BASTION ROCK ON THE ISLAND OF IWO-JIMA, now firmly in American hands and a base for the big American bombers: A Super-Fortress is here circling over the summit of Mount Suribachi, volcanic peak at the southern end of the island. This former Japanese defence bastion was captured on March 15 after a month-long struggle against troops firmly entrenched in the caves and bomb-proof tunnels honeycombing the tiny island. Since March 3, when the first American transport plane landed on Iwo-Jima (which is only 750 miles south of Tokyo), its three airfields have proved invaluable in the campaign against the Jap home islands. Quickly improved and enlarged, the airfields now accommodate not only fleets of fighter planes, but also serve as emergency landing-grounds for the giant bombers on the way to and from their base in the Marianas. Short of fuel or damaged in battle, many a Super-Fortress which would otherwise have been lost has come to rest on the runways of Iwo

CREATING A DRY-DOCK IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN: Huge cranes are here bringing together the sections of an A.B.S.D. (Advanced Base Sectional Dock) before they are welded into place. (A picture of a completed dock was reproduced in our issue of June 30.) These are now in common use in the Pacific: some of them have the capacity to raise the largest battleship. By using these docks, much valuable time is saved in returning battle-damaged ships to duty

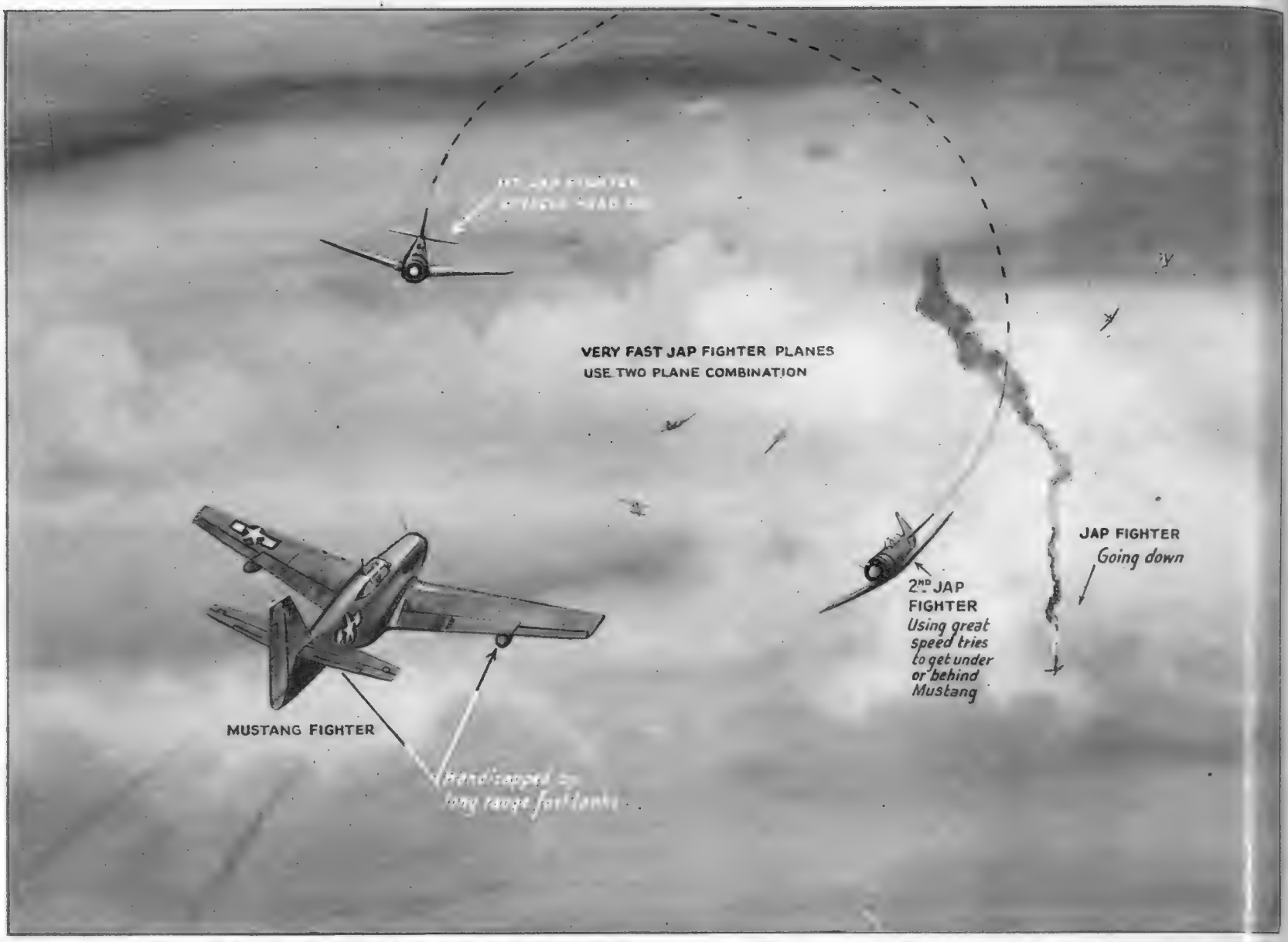
THE JAPS ARE MAKING USE OF POWERFUL LAND-MINES TO OPPOSE THE ADVANCE OF THE AMERICANS AND AUSTRALIANS NOW FIGHTING AMIDST THE PACIFIC ISLANDS: Some of them are powerful enough to blow a tank many feet into the air—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Although the Japs have not employed mines with the Satanic persistence and profusion of the Germans, they have not neglected this very effective method of defence. Recently they have been using captured material, sometimes with devastating effect. On Tarakan Island, for instance, the Australians found after their equipment had been landed that captured Dutch 440-lb. bombs had been adapted for use as land-mines: these were capable of hurling a heavy tank 18 ft. into the air, as shown in our drawing above

A BATCH OF JAPANESE PRISONERS ABOARD AN AMERICAN CARRIER: They are members of an enemy Naval Engineer Corps, who were rescued after their ship was sunk en route from Truk to Japan. They are seated on the big flight-deck guarded by U.S. Marines

BEFORE THE ASSAULT ON THE ISLAND OF BORNEO: Waterborne "taxis" near the flagship of one of the Admirals who took part in the invasion. The small craft had conveyed high-ranking officers to the spot for a last-minute conference

AFTER THE AMERICANS HAD CAPTURED THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA: Dismal and desolate, this battlefield around "Shuri Castle" is covered with rain-filled shell-holes and blasted tree-stumps. Artillery of the American Tenth Army had heavily attacked Jap positions around this site. The demolished radio tower in the left foreground was one of eleven such installations around this nerve-centre of the defence system on the island. Note the caves in the small hill in the upper left, where the Jap defences were firmly entrenched and hidden



ENEMY FIGHTERS ADOPT NEW TACTICS OVER THE JAP HOMELAND: WITH VERY FAST AIRCRAFT, THE JAP PILOTS HAVE NOW DEVELOPED A TWO-PLANE METHOD OF ATTACK against the slower and more heavily-laden Mustangs—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The surprising recent emergence of Japan's hoard of "first-string" aeroplanes and pilots in defence of the enemy homeland has given American Navy airmen cause for concern. Airmen of Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet who returned from a sweep at Kyushu reported encounters with Japanese pilots who were more skilful than they had met for months. The Japanese, in addition, flew planes which Americans said "for speed and manœuvrability are superior to our own." The Chief of Staff for Vice-Admiral John S. McCain, the Task Force Commander, told of "sudden and vast improvement" by the Jap fighters, who apparently had been trained in new techniques. One American pilot said: "The Japanese new two-plane combination is dazzling and confusing. One team turned into us. I got on the tail of one of them, but he did a speed 'S' manœuvre and escaped. He reappeared later, and with the aid of my wing men I got him. Make no mistake about it, those Japs really can handle their new planes, which are much more manœuvrable than ours, especially when we are weighted down with belly-tanks." No surmise as to the identification of the new Jap fighter has yet been offered by the Americans, but some pilots thought it probably an improved model of a type long in service in the Pacific

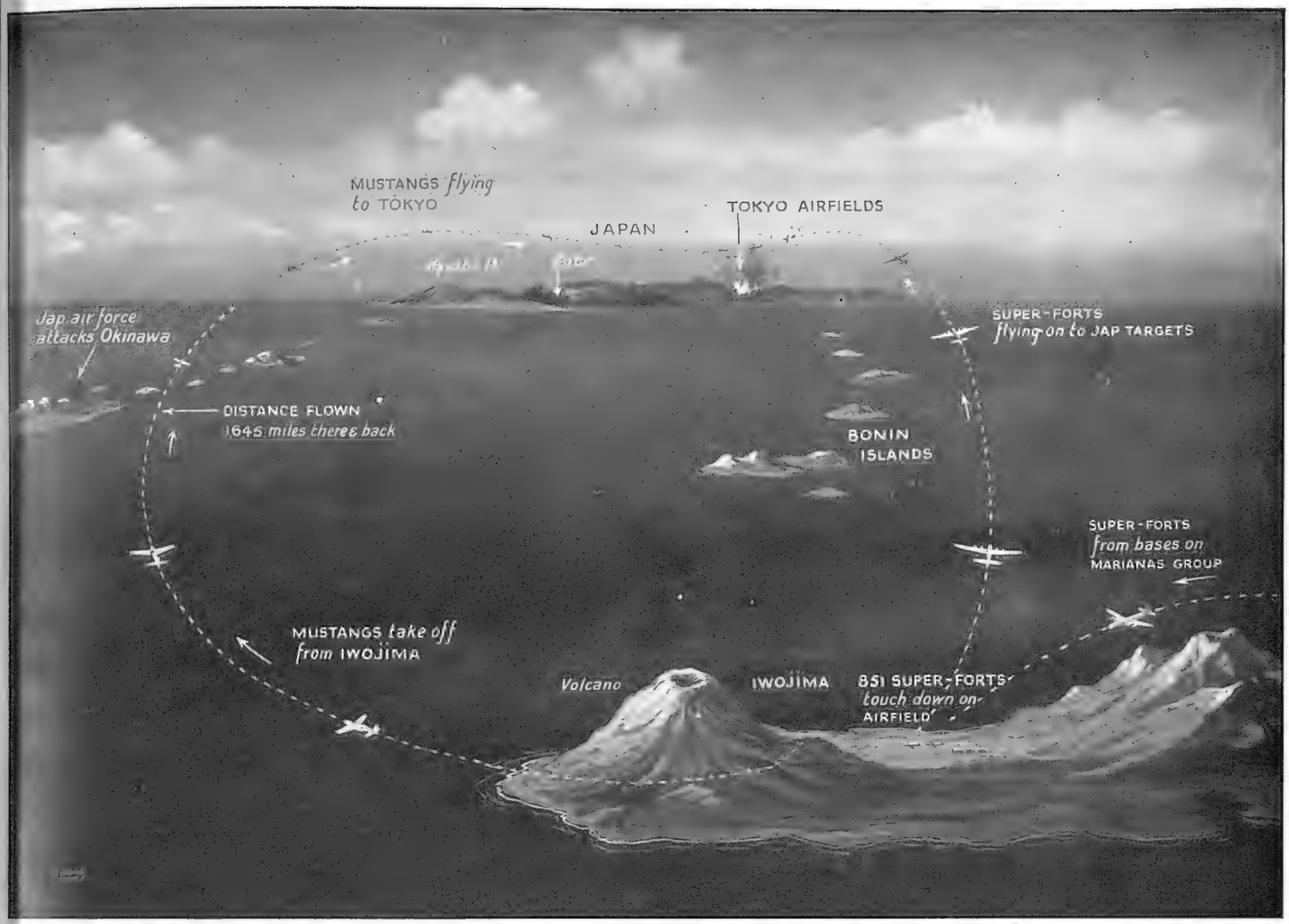
NEW TACTICS in the PACIFIC AIR WAR

Shown in Three Special Sphere Drawings

THE R.A.F.'S JET-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT: THE FIRST PICTURE TO BE RELEASED BY THE AIR MINISTRY SHOWING THE NEW METEOR FIGHTER. This plane was first flown in 1943: the following year it was used with success against the German flying bombs. The above view was taken during a flight over England (*See note at right*)

On left—

Most of the Great Powers have been active during recent years in experimenting with jet-propelled aircraft. The Germans, in the closing stages of the war, actually sent aircraft driven on the jet-propulsion principle into combat over France and the Low Countries. In America and Britain, designers were also alive to the possibilities of the new principle: since the year 1943 the Meteor has been in flight over England, but the picture on the left is the first to be released for publication by the Air Ministry. The Meteor is a single-seat fighter powered by two Welland or Derwent engines. It is highly manœuvrable, and its landing speed is not high. During flight the noise in the cockpit is slight. The aircraft has a span of 43 ft., a length of 41 ft., and it stands 15 ft. high: the wing area is 374 sq. ft. It is armed with four 20-mm. cannon in the nose



MUSTANGS IN ACTION OVER JAPAN FROM THEIR NEWLY-ERECTED BASES ON THE ISLAND OF IWO-JIMA: A flight of 1,645 miles, there and back, to the Tokyo airfields to engage enemy fighters during Super-Fortress raids on the Jap capital—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Mustang fighters based on Iwo-Jima recently took part in low-flying attacks on two airfields north-east of Tokyo and dog-fights near the targets. During the course of this sortie, they destroyed and probably damaged sixty-nine aircraft. This flight of 1,645 miles is the Mustangs' longest combat mission. The pilots were in the air for 8 hours and 20 minutes. The American conquest of Iwo-Jima, the scene of one of the bloodiest battles in the Pacific, has paid huge dividends in airmen's lives saved and increased the destruction of Japan's war potential. Midway between the Super-Fortresses' Marianas bases and the Japanese home islands, Iwo-Jima has proved a welcome haven on the 2,400-mile round trip. No fewer than 851 Super-Fortresses carrying more than 9,300 men, have made emergency landings on the airfield in three months. Based on current operations, the possession of Iwo-Jima means that 500 Super-Fortresses can carry an additional 1,000 to 1,250 tons of bombs to Japan

On right—

During recent attacks on Japanese targets, incendiary bombs rather than high explosives have been favoured by the Americans. The numbers already dropped must be counted by the million. Certain new forms of phosphorous bombs have been devised these are reported to be very effective and huge fires have been observed by the bomber pilots before turning back to their bases in the Marianas. The incendiary bombs, comparatively small, are now normally placed in containers. THE SPHERE'S artist has here recorded a feature not hitherto fully noted: that is, the curious trails which the incendiaries leave in their wake. In the drawing on the right, masses of oil smoke are rising over the coast of Tarakan Island: the wind seems to be carrying it from right to left. In front of this column are two extraordinarily erratic tracks of white smoke. The angles formed by these trails are quite sharp in some cases, as if the falling body was turning over and over on its way down. The explanation is that they are the trails made by incendiary "shells," or bombs, whose course to the ground can be perceived all the way down with the naked eye. Hundreds of them are dropped by a single aircraft

THE INCREASED USE OF INCENDIARIES IN THE AIR WAR AGAINST JAPAN: The jerky, zigzagging trails of phosphorous shells, or bombs, which burst in the air and spread out a shower of smaller incendiary missiles. These descend in the curious manner shown in the drawing, turning over and over as they fall to earth—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"PHANTOM" FORCES IN THE JUNGLE: HOW THEY MADE DESPERATE LANDINGS FROM THE AIR in order to carry out harassing tactics behind the enemy's lines. In this drawing British officers are parachuting into wild jungle country by moonlight: one has come down in the tree-tops—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In the course of a recent despatch from Calcutta, details were disclosed of some of the thrilling exploits of the team of British officers who, assisted by thousands of natives, were members of a special "phantom" force that operated behind the Japanese lines in Burma. A fair proportion had lived in Burma before the war and knew the natives' language. Others did not have even a smattering of it. The officers had the co-operation of an underground organisation. The procedure was for small teams to be dropped by parachute on prearranged isolated spots, usually in thick jungle country. In addition to arms, they carried food and radio sets. The latter were their only means of communicating with their directing staff. The parachuting took place, when possible, on moonlight nights, but the utmost care in navigation had to be exercised by the crews of aircraft specially detached for this work. In many instances it was a "blind drop" on the tops or sides of hills or in gullies, often in tricky weather and in country that appeared inaccessible. On the ground the officers organised their working parties and, changing their situations as often as possible, set about their primary tasks of obtaining intelligence, harassing the enemy's lines of communication, and organising guerilla warfare. Operations meant playing a game of deception not only against the Japanese, but against those Burmese who collaborated with the enemy. Treachery increased the hazards and it is now known that several British officers who fell into the hands of the enemy were executed.

From the JUNGLES and PLAINS of BURMA

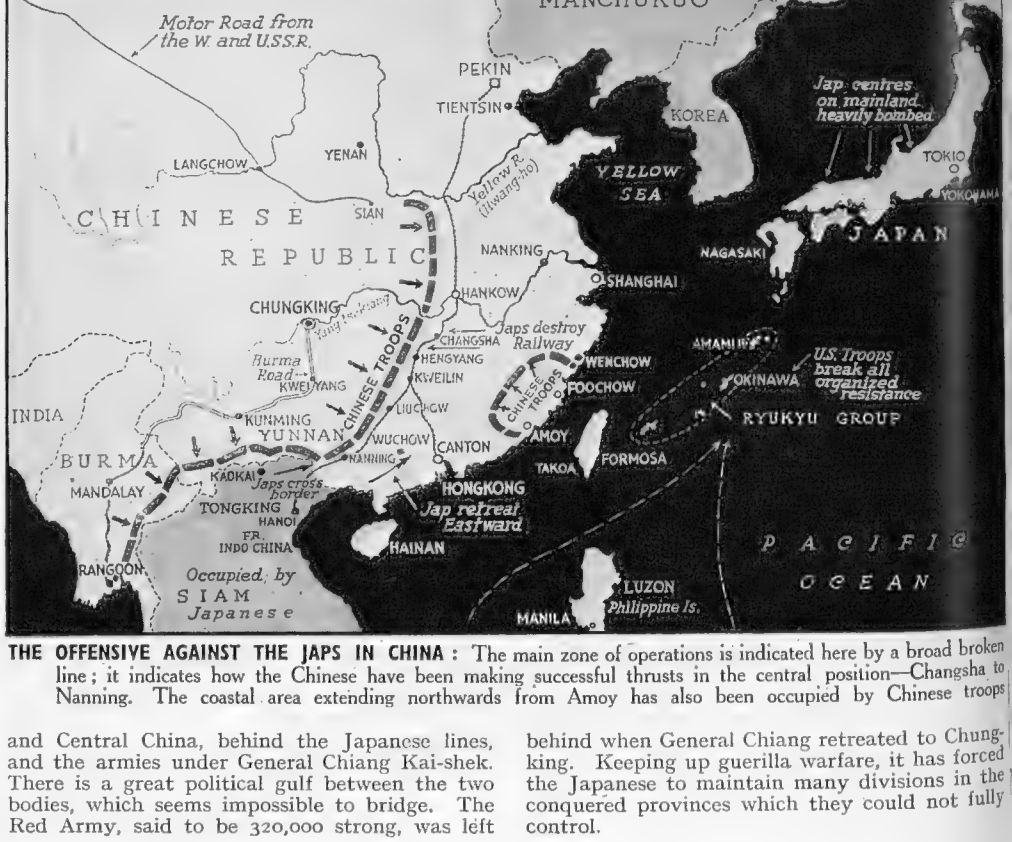
With a Note and Illustrations on the Progress of the Campaign in China

AFTER a year of frustration and many set-backs, the army in China started to wage war upon the enemy in real earnest. Hitherto they had been fighting defensive actions, but at the end of May the Japanese were attacked and driven out of Nanning, the capital of Kwangsi, the most southerly province in China. The Chinese advanced towards Liuchow, the former American air-base which had been captured by the enemy last November.

Other columns of the Chinese have been operating in the Fukien coastal province, where they captured the port of Foochow on June 1. It is reported that the enemy is in flight, with the Chinese in close pursuit. It now appears that the Japanese are withdrawing troops from Amoy and Swatow and from Hainan Island.

Last December the condition was very serious; the Japanese had taken Changsha, south of Hankow, and were advancing towards Hengyang with the object of seizing the railway to Kweilin. It was then that the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force had to evacuate from Liuchow, as the enemy was approaching in that direction. The province of Kweichow, hitherto inviolate, was threatened, and General Wedemayer, the Commander of the U.S. forces in China, admitted that the situation was serious. At that critical moment the Chinese troops, who are said to be splendid fighters, in spite of lack of much war material, and often under inferior leadership, made a great effort, checking the Japanese advance, till it was definitely halted and the chief crisis was over.

Much of the difficulty in China lies in the lack of union between the Communist Army of Yenan, operating in North and Central China, behind the Japanese lines, and the armies under General Chiang Kai-shek. There is a great political gulf between the two bodies, which seems impossible to bridge. The Red Army, said to be 320,000 strong, was left behind when General Chiang retreated to Chungking. Keeping up guerilla warfare, it has forced the Japanese to maintain many divisions in the conquered provinces which they could not fully control.



THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE JAPS IN CHINA: The main zone of operations is indicated here by a broad broken line; it indicates how the Chinese have been making successful thrusts in the central position—Changsha to Nanning. The coastal area extending northwards from Amoy has also been occupied by Chinese troops

FIGHTING AMID THE MYRIAD BUDDHISTIC FIGURES IN THE TEMPLES OF BURMA: A SCENE DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN THE PLAIN OF THE IRRAWADDY RIVER, where age-old statues have looked down on the methods of modern warfare—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

After leaving the jungle, the British troops in Burma passed across open woodland and river country to the great Irrawaddy Plain. Here the fighting scene changed again. The troops found themselves obliged to "winkle" out the Japanese from the innumerable temples and shrines, many of which crown the cliffs along the river's banks. Such an operation is depicted in the drawing above: the fighting is taking place in one of the masonry temples, the majority of which contain giant figures of Gautama Buddha in the traditional seated attitude when under the bodhi-tree. The walls are often covered with Buddhistic texts in Burmese script. Gautama also appears as a figure with arm upraised. But the figures which the troops will remember are the seated ones; they are by far the most numerous, and their essential details never vary

ALLIED SUPPLIES ARE NOW REACHING CHINA IN A STEADY STREAM ALONG THE NEW BURMA ROAD: The scene as an American convoy passes through the key town of Kunming en route for the capital at Chungking—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

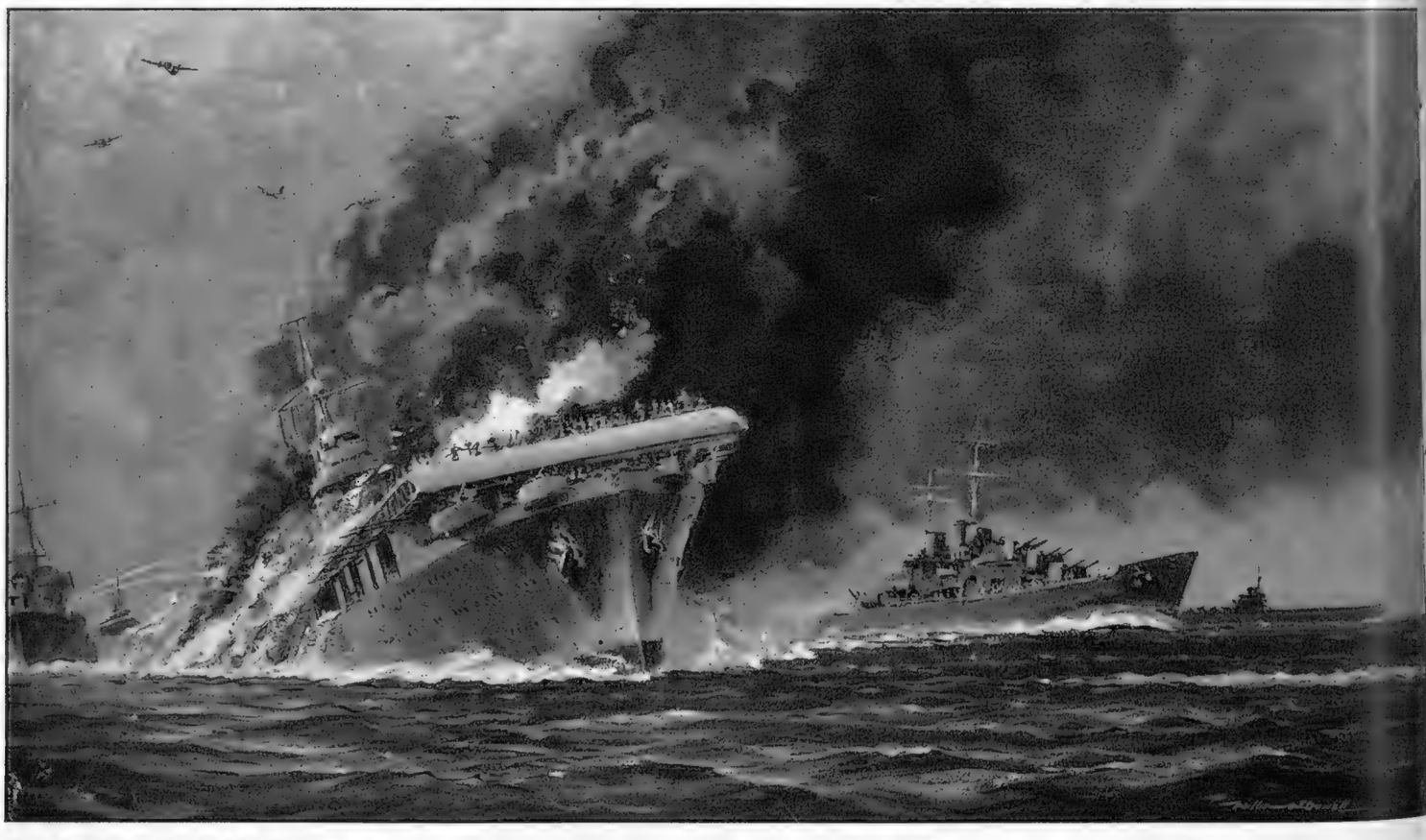
In the later stages of the campaign in Burma, the western approaches to the famous Burma Road were gradually cleared by the converging columns of Allied troops. Japanese planes attempted to stop the traffic by a concentration of bombing, but these, too, were beaten back as the Burmese airfields were occupied and made available as bases for our own planes. The Road has never been a very healthy one for lorries, the curves and gradients being very severe. The monsoon rains bring their own troubles; but in spite of all difficulties, convoy after convoy has been bearing supplies to the Chinese Army. Kunming is a populous walled city in a district from which has come some of the finest China tea. In addition to the Burma Road, supplies have also been going in by air over the "Hump," in order to meet the incessant demands of modern warfare

PROTECTING THE BIG AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS IN THE PACIFIC: The scene as a Jap bomber comes over the Allied Fleet. The plane may be seen in the upper centre of the picture: it is obviously attempting to break through the protective screen of steel to attack the vessels seen in the distance. But the order has been given to the warships to "Lay guns over Carriers," and a heavy anti-aircraft barrage has been put up to check the Jap "suicide" dive

NAVAL NEWS from the PACIFIC

—With a Special Drawing of the Gallant British Minesweepers

***Below*—THE EPIC OF THE "BUNKER HILL":** It will be remembered that this great "Essex" class carrier of 27,000 tons was hit by two Jap suicide bombers whilst operating in the Pacific, both of which crashed on her flight deck. There were more than 700 casualties, and the ship became a blazing inferno. (This was recorded in last week's issue of THE SPHERE.) How she was saved by her commander, Captain Seitz, is recorded in the drawing below. The *Bunker Hill* had taken on a heavy list: on the bridge the Commander resolved to take a chance of righting her and, at the same time, checking the flames. Throwing the ship into a 70-degrees turn, he heeled her over cautiously on to her opposite beam, so that tons of water which had accumulated on one side were suddenly swept across the decks and overboard on the other. (When a ship turns suddenly to port she heels to starboard, and *vice versa*.) The wall of water carried the heart of the hangar deck fire with it. After nearly three hours of almost hopeless fighting, the *Bunker Hill* thus brought the fires under control. Though it was very many more hours before they were completely extinguished, the battle was won and the ship had been saved. The *Bunker Hill* is one of the latest and biggest of U.S. carriers. She is armed with eight 5-in. guns and an enormous number of anti-aircraft weapons



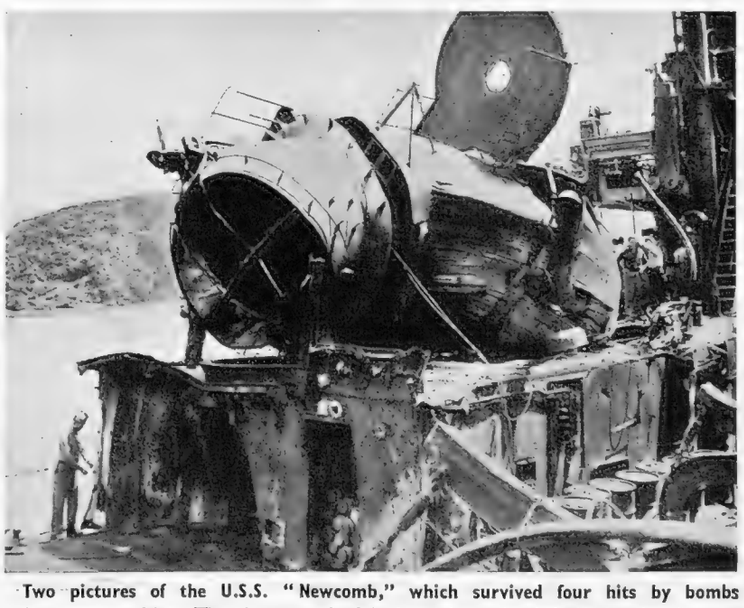
A FINE PIECE OF SEAMANSHIP WHICH SAVED THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "BUNKER HILL" after she had been hit by two Japanese suicide planes carrying 1,100-lb. of bombs which crashed on her flight deck. The captain put his huge vessel into a 70-degrees turn, which caused the vessel to heel and sent the blazing petrol cascading overboard—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See *note above*)

THE GREAT WORK PERFORMED BY THE MINESWEEPERS DURING THE WAR, WHEN ONE IN SIX OF THE GALLANT LITTLE VESSELS WERE LOST. Fortunately, this did not always mean the loss of the crew, as many of them were able to abandon the sinking ship in time—as in this drawing. The gallant record of the minesweeper men has been unsurpassed throughout: it was they who thwarted the Nazi plan to block the British ports—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The enemy's objective was, by mining, to destroy our shipping faster than new construction could replace it; if thwarted, he hoped at least to dislocate vital traffic and make our ports and channels unserviceable. At the outbreak of war the minesweeping service of the Royal Navy consisted of about 36 fleet minesweepers and 40 trawlers, with a seagoing personnel of about 2,000. To-day, the minesweeping forces consist of 1,350 minesweepers manned by about 50,000 officers and men, 89 per cent. of them temporary wartime reserve. The graph at the Admiralty recording every mine swept during the war shows a total of 16,000 mines. The cost to the minesweepers was heavy —237 minesweepers lost, 99 by mining, 68 by aircraft attack and 70 by other causes. The enemy was believed in September 1939 to have about 100,000 moored contact mines available with which to start his mining offensive. In the middle of the moored mine offensive, the introduction of the magnetic mine caused a succession of heavy, unexplained casualties. Then came the aircraft minelaying offensive, the acoustic mine and the concentrated attacks on docks and basins of home ports. In October 1940 it was estimated that one in every three German aircraft that flew each night against the United Kingdom was engaged in minelaying. And the Nazi attacks were not confined to Britain: in the Mediterranean Sea minesweepers were also seeing a lot of action.

But all the Nazi attempts to blockade Britain were defeated by the gallantry and devotion to duty of the men of the Little Ships

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A JAP SUICIDE BOMBER GETS THROUGH TO THE ATTACK: This American destroyer was attacked by seven Japanese planes off the coast of Southern Japan: the vessel was hit four times by the "Kamikazes" (or suicide pilots) and became a blazing mass. Nevertheless, the 2,100-ton veteran of the Pacific was able to make her way to an advanced base anchorage under her own power, despite that she had suffered



Two pictures of the U.S.S. "Newcomb," which survived four hits by bombs ninety-one casualties. The picture on the left shows the gaping hole in the after fireroom caused by one of the bombs: that on the right shows the forward stack of the destroyer after it had been cut away at the advanced base, preparatory to her journey to an American Navy yard for further repairs

LIFE IN BOMB-WRECKED BERLIN

How the Citizens Live Amidst the Ruins of Their Capital

WOMEN IN BERLIN EMPLOYED BY THE RUSSIANS TO CLEAR AWAY BOMB WRECKAGE: Those who are willing to work in the German capital eat reasonably well. The Russians say: "There is plenty of work to be done. Those willing to help will eat more." In consequence, a number of the poorer citizens, and especially the women, have come forward to clear the debris and thus make it easier for the Russians to tackle the management of the devastated city. Every worker receives pay, the majority bring their own tools, and men and women alike supplement their meagre rations by working for the common good. The shattered aspect of the buildings in this picture is typical of the whole central district of Berlin

ONE OF THE ELDERLY BERLIN WOMEN now engaged on the task of removing bomb debris. Note the makeshift nature of her "pails"

JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS: This picture shows a scene just off the Potsdamer Platz, with the wreckage of some vehicles still to be seen in the streets. In the background stands a large crowd who are waiting to take their turn aboard the curtailed bus service upon which they have to depend to travel about Berlin. Also to be seen is some of the intensive damage to the heart of the city

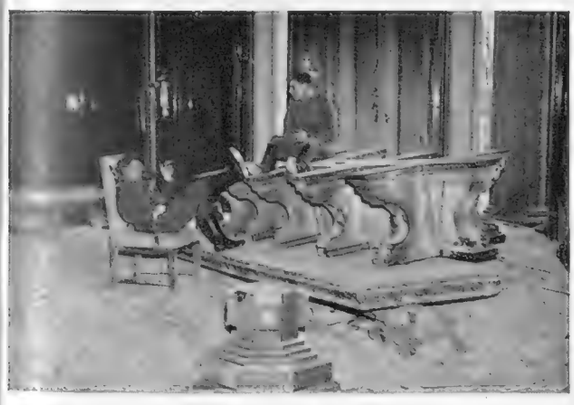
QUEUES FOR FOOD IN BERLIN ARE VERY LONG AND VERY HOPELESS: German women are here queueing-up to get their very small meat ration from a butcher's shop. Everything in Berlin is scarce and lines of people have to queue for every item of food—often without success

THE OLD PEOPLE RETURN TO BERLIN: They had been sent out of the city during the bombing. Now, despite the hopeless state of the capital, they are streaming back with their hand-drawn carts

ONE OF THE MEANS USED TO TRANSPORT MATERIALS THROUGH THE HEART OF BERLIN: There is very little motor transport and also very few horses. These men are forced to pull and push the large wagon loaded with materials for the repair of bombed-out buildings to get to the scene of their work

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT RAINS: For a week after the entry of the British, it rained incessantly in Berlin. Here is the lobby of the Max Reinhardt Theatre: this building escaped destruction in the air raids, but has so many leaks in its roof that water runs all over the grandiose reception-rooms below

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CHANCELLERY: The cupolas of German tanks which were used as pill-boxes during the last days of the fighting in Berlin. They were installed as a last desperate measure against the invading Red Army



IN THE GREAT HALL WHERE HITLER PRESIDED: The chair on the left (occupied by a Russian soldier) belonged to the Führer. In it he presided at meetings in the Chancellery. Overturned in the centre of the Chamber is the great marble table at which Hitler plotted his campaigns

WHERE HITLER IS ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED: The grave lies at the back of the Chancellery building. It was dug up by the Russians to check the authenticity of the stories concerning the Führer's end

AT THE BRANDENBERGER TOR, ONE OF THE GREAT MONUMENTS OF BERLIN: Wrecked vehicles still lie in Unter den Linden alongside many still-untouched bomb craters. The centre of the great German capital is now in ruins: Allied bombs found their mark on so many buildings that most of them are just piles of rubble, compared to which London's ruins are almost orderly. What the bombs could not do Russian shells finished off. Berlin to-day is inhabited by about half the number of people who lived there in 1940: the majority of them are ill-dressed and sad-faced. It is reported that the city is full of lies, rumours and distorted facts, put about presumably to create hostility amongst the Allies. On all hands are evidences of the great suffering of the German people as inevitable defeat loomed ahead

THIS WAS ONE OF THE GREAT HOTELS OF THE CAPITAL—THE KAISERHOF: Not even the walls remain whole, and within the ruins are piles of brick and crumbled mortar. It would appear as if no effort whatever had been made to clear away the rubble or to pull down tottering masonry. Outside the portico is a great excavation in the roadway

AGAIN IN RUINS—THE GREAT REICHSTAG BUILDING WRECKED BY BOMBS AND SHELLS. At the beginning of the Nazi regime this monument was destroyed by Goering's orders so that others could be accused of the crime against "the German people." To-day it is again in ruins, reduced to a pile of rubble as the result of the desperate resistance in the German capital

CRISIS AVERTED IN INDIA BY THE CALLING OF THE CONFERENCE AT SIMLA: Lord Wavell, the Viceroy (in civilian clothes), talking to Tara Singh, Leader of the Sikhs (in Sikh costume), in the garden of Viceregal Lodge. On the left of Tara Singh is Mr. A. Jinnah, Leader of the Indian Moslems

LORD AND LADY WAVELL GREET REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS in the garden of Viceregal Lodge at Simla: Sir Evan Jenkins, Private Secretary to the Viceroy, is behind Lord Wavell and facing the camera. Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, has been acting as a "go-between" in the dispute between the Moslem League and the Congress Party over the nominations for the Indian Executive Council. The dispute threatened to become a crisis: but it was then thoroughly discussed before the leaders met again in Simla on July 14, for further discussions on Lord Wavell's plan to reorganise the Indian Government

FOREIGN NEWS-PICTURES

From Many Quarters of the Globe

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE VICEROY'S PALACE, AS GANDHI ARRIVES BY CAR to attend the Simla Conference: With him is his secretary, Pyarelal, wearing a white "Gandhi" cap

AFTER THE ANTI-SPANISH RIOT AT CHAMBERY, IN FRANCE: The returning Spaniards back in Switzerland, many without outer clothing. A party of 470 Spanish repatriates from Germany are now back in Switzerland, recovering after the reception they received at Chambery. When rumour went round that a train was on its way with men of the "Blue Division," the Spanish Fascist organisation which had fought for Hitler in Russia, angry French crowds stopped the train, dragged the Spaniards through the windows, beat them, and forced them back to Switzerland. Here the men are seen at their camp at La Plaine. They present a strange picture. The stranded Spaniards are seen in what they managed to save—in some cases their underwear only!

DARNAND IN PARIS — and in handcuffs: Joseph Darnand, notorious Vichy Police Chief, who was arrested in Northern Italy, near the Swiss border, has been taken to Paris and placed in the famous prison at Fresnes. The warrant for his arrest was issued in September last. He is "wanted" in connection with the murder of the French statesman, Georges Mandel, amongst other crimes. Here he is seen, bearded and wearing handcuffs, and under escort by plain-clothes detectives, after his arrival in Paris

JEAN LUCHAIRE TO BE TRIED FOR COLLABORATION: He is among the latest of the French collaborationists to be rounded up, and has now arrived in Paris from Italy to stand trial. Editor of the *Nouveau Temps*, principal Nazi propaganda newspaper in the French language during the occupation, he became Minister of Information in the French "Government" set up by the Germans at Siegmaringen after the liberation of France. He is the father of Corinne Luchaire, French film-actress, whose name was freely associated with that of Otto Abetz during the German occupation of Paris

AN EXHIBITION OF HITLER'S CRIMES OPENS IN PARIS: French crowds queue up for admission in the Champs-Élysées. An "Exhibition of Hitlerian Crimes" opened recently in Paris at the Grand Palais, off the Champs-Élysées. This exhibition is made up of an extensive collection of pictures showing Nazi atrocities in their manifold forms; declarations made at various times by the leading Nazis—Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler and others; excerpts from *Mein Kampf*; maps showing the programme of world domination as dreamed of by Hitler; pictures of traitors and Quislings of the various European countries in a "Rogues' Gallery" of pictures

HOW DUTCH ART TREASURES WERE SECURED FROM HARM: The Keeper of the Paasloo "Safe" opens one of the leaf-racks where the canvases were stored

THE MASSIVE STEEL-AND-CONCRETE "SAFE" AT PAASLOO, NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER: The entrance is protected by a blast wall and quarters for the staff who looked after the 3,000 masterpieces stored within. Dutch art-lovers are looking forward to the first exhibition for six years of the priceless Rijksmuseum collection, the pride of Holland. Announcing that it is intact, Netherlands authorities reveal that after removing the collection from Amsterdam to a safer place, they were ordered by the Germans to transfer it to Steenwijk, near the Reich frontier. To ensure the safety of the most valuable paintings, the Nazis used Dutch labour to construct a huge steel-and-concrete "safe" at Paasloo, near Steenwijk, and in the circular building, with 15-ft. walls and 30-ft. roof, the pictures were hung in 120 vertical racks, opening like the leaves of a book; large canvases were rolled on drums. Over 3,000 pictures were preserved in this way, and when transport is available, the collection will be returned to Amsterdam

THE R.A.F. IN ITALY HELP IN THE SILKWORM HARVEST: Airmen of the Desert Air Force Headquarters are here seen assisting in collecting the silkworm harvest at a farm in Northern Italy. The cocoons of silk are white balls, and they have to be carefully separated from the straw bed which has been the home of the silkworm for the preceding ten days. This picture was taken a few days ago when the work was in full swing

A COAST GUARD PLANE ON A MERCY MISSION OVER ALASKA: This big flying-boat, operated by the U.S. Coast Guard Service, is setting out over the ice-crusted mountains of Alaska in an endeavour to spot the wreckage of a missing plane. If and when the survivors are sighted, a para-rescue squad will drop into the desolate area to administer first-aid and to guide the victims to safety. The para-rescuers have been specially trained and equipped to live for days in the icy wilderness

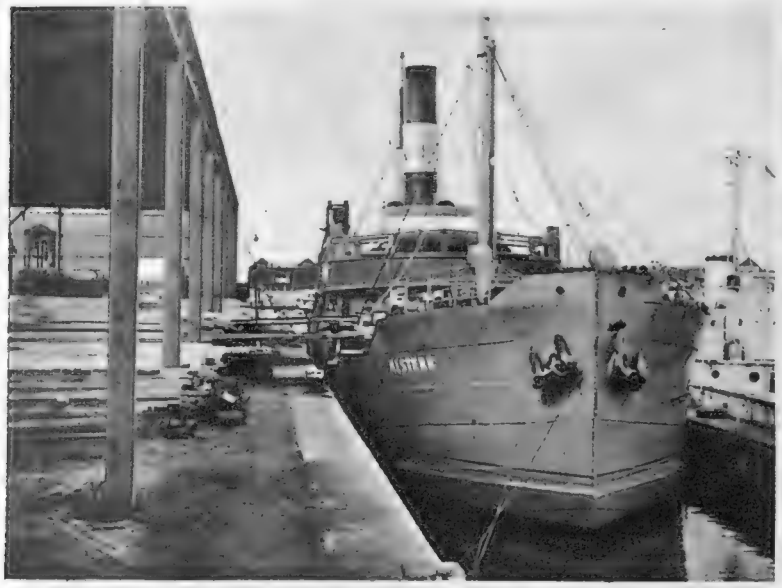
THE AMERICANS LEAVING FRANCE TAKE BACK THEIR TYRES WITH THEM: Much heartburning was caused among Frenchmen in Cherbourg when the Americans embarked their stocks of tyres as they left France to return to the United States. German prisoners were employed on the loading, and played "hoop" with the tyres along the docks. The French apparently thought that this surplus equipment should be left behind in their own denuded-country rather than be taken back to a land of comparative plenty

A GARDEN-PARTY AT GIBRALTAR: The Governor and his wife receive their guests. This picture was taken during a "Victory Garden-Party" given in the grounds of "The Convent" at Gibraltar, the official residence of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Sir T. Ralph Eastwood, and Lady Eastwood. Representatives of the British and Allied Services were present, as well as many local residents. From left to right above are—Major Walford, R.A., Major Redman, R.A., Lieut.-General Eastwood and Lady Eastwood

ACTIVITIES in the HOME COUNTRY

Shown in Recent Photographs from Many Parts of England

THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY DEDICATE A MONUMENT TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH DEVON: During the war, the inhabitants of Slapton and Torcross were forced to forces preparing for the invasion of Normandy. A number of villages in the South Hams district were very heavily damaged as a result; but the lesson lea the realistic Invasion "rehearsals." A memorial has now been erected on Slapton Beach to commemorate the sacrifices of the people of South Devon: it was pr cations Zone in Britain, to Sir John Daw, chairman of the Devon County Council. The large picture above shows the scene at the unveiling by General Eas wording on the monument, in which the various villages affected are mentioned by



TIMBER FROM SWEDEN FOR BRITAIN'S HOUSING DRIVE: Carrying nearly a million super feet of timber, the Swedish cargo ship *Alstern* docked at King's Lynn, Norfolk—the first foreign ship to arrive since the outbreak of war—after a voyage from Kristindhamn, in Sweden. It will be followed by more shipments of timber, now a priority requirement for Britain's housing and reconstruction programme

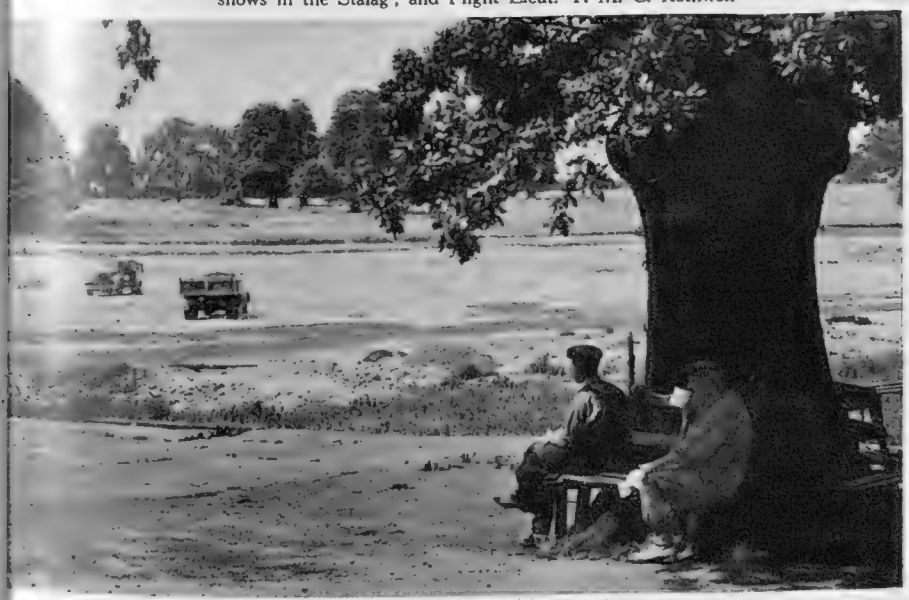
YOUTH ON THE WAY: A parade "for the films" in Plymouth: Traffic in Plymouth was held up for two hours while this procession of 3,000 boys and girls marched past with banners proclaiming their hearts' desires for the new city in which they live. But it wasn't politics—it was "for the pictures." The show was put on as part of a film, *The Way We Live*—intended to portray the new city now rising from the ashes of the blitz

HOW MIDDLESEX PROPOSE TO PROVIDE FOR THEIR OLD PEOPLE—a magnificent house at Hampton Court which is to be turned into a home for sixty old men and women. Included in the scheme is a portion of Bushey Park

A VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT HALL OF HAMPTON COURT HOUSE, showing one of the two fireplaces made of gunmetal, each of which is valued at over 1,000 guineas. The Middlesex County Council have bought Hampton Court House to be turned into a home for old people. This magnificent residence was designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles II. A semi-circular area of Bushey Park was included in the grounds to add to the privacy of the house

to leave their homes and farmlands to provide a battle-practice area for the American learnt by the Americans resulted in the saving of many lives when D-Day came—thanks to presented by Lieut.-General John Lee, the Commanding General of the American Communi- as Sir John Daw took the memorial over. On the left, the smaller picture shows the by name

LOND[illegible]RS TO SEE A STALAG-LUFT OFFICERS' SHOW—Mr. Jack Hylton, the producer, goes [illegible]ugh the script of the "Back Home" revue : In appreciation of what was done for them [illegible]he British Red Cross, air-crew ex-prisoners of war from Stalag Luft 3—where many R.A.F. [illegible]rs were shot by the Germans—are presenting their show, *Back Home*, at the Stoll Theatre [illegible]ondon, on July 21. The profits are to go to the International Red Cross. With Mr. Hylton [illegible]his picture are some of the Stalag Luft 3 actors—Wing-Commander L. F. Larhen, A.F.C.; [illegible]ent. R. F. G. Davies, Fleet Air Arm; Flight Lieut. Kenneth Mackintosh, producer of many shows in the Stalag; and Flight Lieut. T. M. C. Rothwell



BOMB RUBBLE FROM LONDON MAKES A SAFER BOATING-POND : 85,000 tons of London's bomb rubble is now lying on the bottom of Danson Park Lake at Bexley. Its depth of 30 ft. has been decreased by this means to 4½ ft., thus making boating much safer than in previous years, and cutting down the number of drowning incidents which have occurred in the past. Danson Park is included in London's "Green Belt"

THE STAND-DOWN CEREMONY OF THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS : A picture taken at the official stand-down of the Royal Observer Corps at North Weald. The ceremony included a fly-past and air display, the presentation of a cup from the R.A.F. and the dedication of the R.O.C. Ensign. Here the last-named ceremony is being carried out by the Chaplain of the Station, Squadron Leader the Rev. E. S. Donne. The Royal Observer Corps was the body which plotted the movements of all enemy aircraft across Britain during the 5½ years of war

FIREMEN REMOVING THE EMERGENCY WATER-PIPES FROM LONDON BRIDGE: Miles of surface water-pipes, laid on London streets and bridges to provide an emergency water-supply for combating enemy fire-raids, are being removed. The pipes appeared after the disastrous first Luftwaffe fire-blitz in 1940, when hundreds of thousands of incendiary bombs were showered indiscriminately over a wide area of London

The GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS of the MOTOR INDUSTRY

The Wonderful Record of Britain's Factories in the Manufacture of the Equipment of War

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the severest pieces of criticism during the electioneering campaign of last month was Ernest Bevin's attack on the motor industry in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, in which he said : " The management of the motor-car trade is one of the most disastrous in the country, as we found when we entered this war."

It is true that Ernest Bevin did not enter the Cabinet until May 1940, but he knows, better than anyone, that if it had not been for the motor industry, this country could never have survived the war. There is literally no doubt about that.

It was the motor industry which made the engines of the Hurricanes and Spitfires for the Battle of Britain. Later, they were making complete Hurricanes and Spitfires, guns and all. It was the motor industry which made Lancaster bombers, Halifaxes, and all the other heavy bombers which ruined Germany's war-potential and prevented them from developing their V1's and V2's to a point where they would have saturated Southern England. It was the motor industry which answered Bevin's own call for a twenty-four-hour-day to replace all the losses of Dunkirk, which was done within four months.

But let me begin at the beginning, with the shadow-factory scheme, the basic arrangement of which was that the five leading motor-manufacturing firms in Great Britain should be entirely responsible for the planning, building, equipping and management of these aero-engine factories on behalf of the Government. Keen competition with the huge American motor-car industry had taught their British counterparts all about flow-production and gave them the mentality and knowledge for producing in large quantities, whereas the aircraft industry, both in connection with the air-frame and the aero-engine schemes, had been accustomed for years to producing goods in penny packets. The Austin Company, the Nuffield Organisation, the Rootes Group, the Vauxhall Company, Ford's, Rolls-Royce—in fact, every leading motor-car firm in the country, with one exception, did wonderfully.

British Army transport, made by the British motor industry, received an unexpected testimonial from Rommel himself when two of his captured Orders showed that he had instructed the Afrika Korps to use captured British vehicles whenever possible, because they were superior to the German models !

Perhaps Mr. Bevin's attack on the motor industry was due to something he had at the back of his mind about the early failures of the British tanks when confronted by the Panzers. And yet nobody should know better than Mr. Bevin himself the real reason why British tanks were simply of the wrong type for the role which they were asked to play. When the Labour Government was in power, it did no more than the Conservative Government to help the War Office to finance British tanks in the way that the Air Ministry assisted Rolls-Royce to make the all-important aero-engine for our fighters.

Practically all the difficulties from which British tanks suffered at first can be traced to the lack of adequate finance at the disposal of our military authorities. The British motor industry cannot be blamed for it. Indeed, it is astonishing how quickly the Cromwells and Comets, not to mention the Churchills, were mass-produced, considering that it takes over two years to mass-produce a tank after the plans for the original pilot model have been approved. As it was, the originally planned output of tanks was increased seven-and-a-half times, running into several thousand A.F.V.s, and, what is more, every vehicle shipped overseas was followed eventually by a full complement of spare parts.

These tanks, admittedly, had shortcomings at first. The labour which built them was raw, the staff officers who passed their original design were inexperienced in regard to modern mechanised fighting. Within one period of eighteen months, the tank-design organisation was subjected to so many major upheavals that 1,500 tanks which had come off the assembly-lines had to be returned so that they could be armed with larger guns, which in turn meant the construction of larger turrets. It is a fact that developments would have had to be begun before 1935 for the British Army to have been properly equipped with heavy tanks in 1939.

The motor industry by no means confined itself to the manufacture of armoured fighting vehicles or " soft " transport. They made every kind of war weapon from Bailey bridges and jerricans to guns, shells and aircraft. One of the greatest achievements of the motor industry was the short cuts to mass-production which they achieved with Lord Beaverbrook's encouragement. The men in the motor industry could do more than work to blueprints. They could improvise and even improve. They were able to suggest modifications to the design without impairing the efficiency of the product, and sometimes, I repeat, they actually improved the original performance. In this way, millions of man-hours were saved. A good example of this is provided by the casual suggestion of an engineer at Vauxhalls, who saw the gun-mounting of a Hotchkiss and realised that a much simpler mounting could be designed which would cost one-fifth of the original price, and could be produced at the rate of ten an hour, instead of one in six days.

On certain gun parts, too, the supply services called for limits as fine as plus or minus a half of 1,000th of an inch on parts which only touched air, and more frequently than not were painted over. Such a waste of precision was anathema to the practically-minded engineers, and though vociferous objections were raised at first, they got their way.

Thus the 800 hours spent in the Royal Naval Torpedo Factory per torpedo assembled was reduced to 130 hours by the motor industry. Torpedoes are extremely temperamental pieces of mechanism, and the real reason for this remarkable speed-up, without loss of efficiency, was the natural application of the motor industry, coupled with a practice for making semi-skilled labour do a variety of jobs on the same torpedo. The Naval Dockyard procedure was that the fitter did the fitter's job ; the pipe-fitter did his job ; and nothing else ; which also applied to the solderer. In this motor-industry factory the individual workman did three different classes of work while completing a single operation.

The existence of our jet aircraft was not realised until 1944, but a British motor firm was making the centre section of the " Flying Squirt " as long ago as 1941. The difficulties of this will be apparent to engineers when it is pointed out that over 8,000 modifications had to be made while the aircraft was still in the prototype stage.

The initial success of the Second Front would have been impossible but for the invention of waterproofing our Army vehicles by the motor industry. This had the revolutionary effect of enabling lorries to drive through 6 ft. of water.

The " flying dustbins," which battered the German defences attempting to interfere with the Normandy landings, was another achievement of the motor industry, which also produced the flail tanks that detonated hundreds of minefields left by the retreating Germans. In every possible way, the motor industry helped the war effort. Machines which had previously made stub axles had to turn out horns for North Sea mines ; machines making gear blanks were adapted to make depth-charge pistols for anti-submarine work ; others making brake drums had to be retooled to make star shells for illuminating enemy surface craft. Most of the work was highly secret—so much so that the authorities would not allow complete components to be made in any given factory. So it was only by rigid adherence to exact limits that intricate mechanism could be assembled and made to function properly.

It was not until Lord Nuffield sent a party of experts to Russia and discovered that the Soviets were producing several hundred tanks, mainly based on a model invented by an American named Christie, that serious attention was paid in this country to the production of real tanks. Even then, it was Lord Nuffield who put down the £20,000 necessary for the purchase of two Christie tanks—after a long-distance call between Richmond, Surrey, and Florida, U.S.A., where Christie was staying. This enterprise was entirely responsible for the first A.13 tanks from which were developed the Crusader, the Cavalier, the Centaur, the Cromwell and every cruiser-type in direct line of descent.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DISUSED CARS and how they are disposed of in London : A general view of private motor-vehicles in the grounds of the Crystal Palace awaiting break-up and dispersal

Much valuable scrap material is being recovered from Government vehicles which are no longer roadworthy and which are unfit for overhaul and further use. The Ministry of Works has set up eight depots throughout the country where this work is carried out. The chief is at the Crystal Palace, where some 2,000 or 3,000 vehicles are broken up as quickly as the labour position allows. So far, about 20,000 vehicles have been dealt with in the eight depots. These are mainly saloon cars that were impressed or purchased for war purposes in 1939, converted into ambulances or used for the N.F.S. and local authorities, for training Army drivers, and for other war purposes. Few of these vehicles were ideally suited for the purposes for which they were required ; all have been in constant use and have proved well worth the £30 or £50 which was paid for each of them. Before the vehicles are sent to a Ministry of Works depot they are offered to the manufacturers to see whether they can be overhauled and used again. If they are too far gone, they are examined, and any parts that are not worn out are taken for use as spares

THE BODY OF AN AUSTIN CAR on its way to be flattened out by steamroller. This is done so that no space is wasted in the lorry which takes the salvaged metal back to the factories

TYRES FOR SALVAGE, RETREADING OR RE-USE at the Crystal Palace depot : All have come from disused cars before they are broken up

The full story of the Luftwaffe's attack on Coventry has never been revealed until this week. On the morning after November 14, 1940, it was found that 37,247 out of 66,000 houses of the capital of the motor industry suffered damage of one sort or another. Over 20,000 were rendered uninhabitable. Of the 180 principal factories, at least 130 were damaged, more or less seriously. Over 15,500 people claimed emergency relief at the local Labour Exchange. During the eleven-hours' attack, 12,000 high-explosive bombs, including fifty land-mines, were dropped on the city, while 35,000 incendiaries caused several hundred fires. Of the 7,000 telephone lines in the city, nearly 6,000 were put out of action.

Immediate reconstruction, initiated by the Ministry of Aircraft Production, was put in the hands of Mr. W. E. Rootes, now Sir William Rootes, K.B.E. By Boxing Day, over 16,000 houses had been repaired, dispersal of the factories was in full swing, and all factories that could be put into production again were hard at work in spite of the threat of further air raids.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
—In Britain and America

A DEMONSTRATION OF HELICOPTERS BY R.A.F. INSTRUCTORS AT ANDOVER: The pilot of one receives his cup of tea from a mobile canteen, while others queue-up behind. Helicopters will soon be coming to the front as the easiest and most convenient machines to fly. These aircraft can remain stationary, fly forward, backwards and sideways, and climb to 10,000 ft. Powered by a 185-h.p. radial engine, they can obtain a flying speed of over 100 miles per hour. They rise and land in their own space

THE SIKORSKY-TYPE HELICOPTER hovers over a rooftop, while the passenger climbs up the ladder to take his place in the aircraft

THE KELLETT XR8 HELICOPTER DEMONSTRATES IN WASHINGTON: It is hovering just above the ground while the pilot chats to a mechanic standing below. In spite of its odd, wingless appearance, this machine actually does fly. It is now being tested for possible service in the Army Air Forces. The engine, it will be noted, is above and behind the pilot's seat

ONE OF THE COMING PRODUCTIONS OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY: This is the 1946 Mercury, which is to be put into production at Detroit on October 1, 1945. The Lincoln car, produced by the same company, is scheduled for the late autumn. The ordinary Ford car is already being manufactured at the vast River Rouge plant: the first since February 1942 came off the assembly-line on July 3

THE "MAN FROM MARS" SUIT OF THE ALTITUDE PILOT: Despite his somewhat stuffy look this pilot can comfortably sit, squat, stoop and otherwise carry on at altitudes of 80,000 ft. (about 15 miles) in this pressurised strato-suit developed under the guidance of the American Air Technical Service Command. The plastic "bubble" head-piece is a modernised version of the one worn by the late Wiley Post during his flight round the world. Another picture of this stratosphere equipment was published in last week's issue of THE SPHERE

A PLAN FOR AN AMERICAN "DREAM CITY," disclosed by city planners in Toledo: A new vision of what America might become was disclosed recently by the Toledo "To-morrow Committee," which announced plans created after almost three years of study by some of the nation's foremost industrial designers and city planners to rebuild it into a "Post-War Dream City." Congestion-proof highways, an airport in the heart of the city with underground train connections, bus and air terminals, and streamlined express highways are all part of the new plan. This picture shows part of a huge 61-ft. scale model of the proposed design. At the present moment, Toledo is a city of great congestion

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

OLD CLO'—AND NEW.—My theme is clothes, fashions in dress. Men's fashions only, I need not say. No words of mine, however seriously intended, could safely be directed to the sacred subject of women's fashions; no words of mine, however persuasive, could restrain or curb the female urge to change the fashions of yesterday, to scrap frocks still serviceable, and to stand in the van of to-morrow's fashions. The habit is ingrained. It is as strong an urge as motherhood or self-preservation. But with men it is different. In matters of dress, men are conservative, almost too much so. Man is capable of conversion to moderation and restraint; woman is not. If you are in possession of old family albums (which have survived blitz and paper salvage), you will observe a remarkable proof of man's conservatism in dress.

That college group of your great-uncles taken in 1885 shows them wearing garments which, individually, are still current to-day, or at least would pass without remark in the streets. Great-uncle George, it is true, is quaintly attired in a stiff, white, starched linen collar without a dog's ear, his waistcoat buttons up close to his collar, he wears a Norfolk jacket with a straw hat. But (individually) each of these garments is *current wear* to-day. His clothes differ from ours only by the matter of a button here or an inch-concession there. But great-aunt Matilda, with her pork-pie hat and multi-buttoned dress and vast bustle, is unidentifiable with any dress fashion since the '90's. The schoolboys of 1880 are almost exact sartorial copies of the Eton boys of to-day, but the little girls are antediluvian. What makes the men and boys of 1880 strange to the eyes of 1945 is not their dress fashions, but the fashions in barbering and hair-growing. In a word, man is reclaimable to 'sanity in matters of dress; and to him I address myself.

The last grower of woad—our native blue-dye—died the other day. Since the time when woad was the universal dress of Englishmen of all classes, how consistently has man suffered himself to be increasingly fettered and teased by elaboration in clothes!

Back to Simplicity?—The Tudors, for example, were very richly dressed; yet they had but two types of suits and wisely went naked to bed.

In their elaborate suits, they rode and hunted and gardened and went to Court. They spent a vast deal of time and money in elaborating and adorning their suits, but those suits long remained limited in type to two or three. It was not, indeed, until the eighteenth century was waning that the idea of suits for all occasions began to flourish. The development of country sports and games, and, later, the dawn of the mechanical age and the week-end habit, brought this tendency to absurdity; and so it was that when the war of 1939 began, my own not-elaborate wardrobe comprised not less than twelve different types of suits (with several examples of some of them); and on these, indeed, I have existed ever since, without recourse to utility garments.

I had two types of evening suits, a morning-coat suit and short-coated ditto, shooting suits, tweed suits, riding clothes, flannel suits, cricket and tennis clothes, thick and thin "lounge" suits, seven overcoats, three or four waterproofs, boots and shoes for every conceivable occasion, and such a range of ties, collars, shirts and waistcoats as defy cataloguing in a short article.

The question I put to my fellow-men is this: Are we tamely to return to this tyranny of Savile Row? Are we to drift back to this elaboration, or are we wiser than our fathers at last and intend to simplify once more?

The crux of the matter lies, of course, in the wearing of evening and of day-ceremonial clothes. When the recent announcement of war stars and medals was made, authority recognised that those who had earned the stars would—'tis but human—demand occasions for displaying them when peace returned and uniform was laid aside. It was then that a great IDEA came to me. Why should not men signalise their return to sanity by decreeing henceforth a return to simplicity and comfort in ceremonial dress?

A Great Idea.—A dark blue, double-breasted coat (of cloth as smooth and rich as you please), on the naval pattern, could do duty for full evening wear as also for day ceremonial, and its cut lends itself to the wearing of ribbons as a permanent part of its decoration, lending colour and romance to a "utility" and comfortable garment which could thus vie with the colour of female fashions.

Practical, economical, comfortable—this coat would avoid all the trouble, discomfort and expense of stiff white shirts, piqué waistcoats, studs and pearl buttons, and butterfly white ties. And this one garment would do duty gracefully for smoking concerts, full-dress dinners, dances, weddings, appearances at Court, in church or on official occasions. And the problem of "showing your medals" is colourfully solved by making the ribbons a permanent adornment of the coat of ceremony. If this is not a great idea, I do not know what idea deserves the epithet. It screams to the sky for adoption; it is plain, gorgeous, rare common sense.

Who will move in the matter? What inverted Beau Brummel breathes in our midst to-day who will take it up enthusiastically, courageously press it through against all ridicule and the obstructions of Savile Row, and put it on the Statute Book of male dress-fashions and earn the title which Wilberforce won—the liberator of millions of his fellow-men? There is not a flaw, not a loophole, not a weak spot in this great idea; and if I were ten years younger, and likely to require henceforth a garment of ceremony for *any* occasion by night or day, I believe I would be that pioneer and wear my new blue reefer, against all opposition, on every such occasion.

QUEEN MARY PAYS A VISIT TO THE LONDON HOSPITAL IN WHITECHAPEL: Now that she is back again in London, Queen Mary has been making a number of appearances in public in various parts of the capital. As President of the London Hospital, she recently paid a visit to that famous institution in Whitechapel and inspected the bomb damage suffered during the German air raids. She also inspected the new kitchens, and spent two hours in the wards, where she saw, amongst others, two patients who came from the royal estates at Sandringham. Here she is seen with one of them, in the Filden Ward—Mrs. Minden, wife of a Sandringham gardener

Now or Never.—For why should we bind all our fetters on again? We have shuffled out in the last years from a score of fashion-fetters and added to our burden two-score of new fetters in regimentation, forms and inquisitions. Surely we are not so foolish, then, as to reimpose those burdens and cares which we have outlawed during the war, to reopen again the ever-losing battle against the moth, to elaborate what can be perfectly simple; deliberately to choose discomfort and expense, and redundant wardrobes and suit cases, when comfort and grace can be economically secured? Or, finally, to reimpose class distinctions in dress in our "new Democracy," when a single simple coat device is within the means of all classes and all incomes?

Am I willing to answer questions? Certainly.

Q. What about a hat to go with your coat of ceremony?

A. A question much to my taste. That's the beauty of my idea. It kills all existing ugly, uncomfortable hats stone-dead with one stone. The new coat of ceremony requires a lightweight military or naval cap; the French military model for choice.

Q. What buttons?

A. Stainless steel.

Q. What trousers?

A. Dark blue of the same material, turned down.

Q. What tie and shirt?

A. A black silk tie over a soft white silk or linen shirt.

The time is short, the time is now. You know how insidiously after a world war the old shibboleths, the old elaborations, the outworn fetters of convention creep back and dig in again. Remember 1919 and let the pioneer step forward and do his stuff, and win the eternal gratitude of mankind.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE outstanding event of London's theatrical year so far has been the visit to the New Theatre of the Comédie Française company. This was all too short and, since enormous audiences attended every performance, should certainly be repeated. By that I do not mean that we were here shown a standard of acting to which our own actors and actresses cannot attain. The standard of the Old Vic company recently at the same theatre, is just as high, and so is that of Mr. John Gielgud and his company at the Haymarket. But this was an opportunity, new to many of the younger theatregoers, of seeing some French classics immaculately performed, and the visit was useful with regard to the *entente cordiale* (which needs a bit of mending and darning nowadays).

My pleasant memories are the performances of M. Pierre Dux, M. Jean Meyer and Mlle. Mony Dalmes in *Le Barbier de Seville*, and of Mme. Marie Bell in *Phèdre*.

Duet for Two Hands (Lyric).—Miss Mary Hayley-Bell's latest play is not likely to become a classic, but it should win some popular success, for it is original, weird, has a genuine touch of the stage and rather a larger touch of the ridiculous. It is to its credit that it is quite possible to get thrilled over the fantastic adventures of a poet who had lost both hands in an accident and who went through the play—and even played the piano—with the hands of a dead man grafted on to his wrists. All hands had to be on deck in the matter of acting to save this odd affair, and admirable acting, sure enough, comes from Mr. John Mills, Miss Mary Morris and Mr. Elwyn Brook-Jones.

Grand Guignol (Granville, Walham Green).—A dash into a quite accessible suburb is well repaid by this second programme of stage horrors, which is better and even more gruesome than the first. Miss Ellen Pollock is best as a *demi-mondaine* who robs and murders a Nazi General in a Paris restaurant, and beautiful Miss Anne Firth shows that she can also act in a queer little piece with the queer little title *Nark the Knocker*. Death again in *The Kill* and *Coral Strand*, and good work throughout from Mr. Richard Goolden and Mr. Edward V. Robson.

No Room at the Inn (Embassy).—There should be no room at the Embassy Theatre for quite a while owing to the exciting attractions of this yarn about a little evacuee girl (Miss Mary Kimber) who murders her "hostess" (Miss Freda Jackson). My sympathies in what little I know of the evacuee business are apt to be with the hostesses, but in this case foul cruelty—and worse—met its just reward. Splendidly acted, even by the tiniest of the kiddies.

MAINLY ABOUT WOMEN

Women in the War, and Women Preparing for the Peace

WILL IT REALLY COME TO THIS? TWO STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING SHOWN AT THE RECENT "HAIR STYLE PAGEANT" AT THE ALBERT HALL. The one on the left was described in the following terms—"The fantasy hair style 'Night Flight' has been designed as a tribute to the R.A.F. It has pale-blue bubble curls taken up at the back, a flat curl fringe, and a silver plane made of hair lying across the head. Stars nestling among the curls give the effect of a plane flying through clouds." The style on the right is, presumably, a "tribute" to the Royal Navy: it shows one of the old-time galleons riding on a storm-tossed sea of piled-up, wavy hair!

AND HERE, BY CONTRAST, IS A "SENSIBLE" STYLE: The two long plaits hanging straight down the back, as worn by the Red Army's women soldiers on traffic control duty in Berlin

FOUR NEW DRESS DESIGNS FROM PARIS, TRADITIONAL HOME OF ELEGANCE, as demonstrated recently at the race-meeting at Longchamps. ***On left*****—**Dress in white rayon with gold buttons; worn with a garnet-red velvet toque; ***second picture*****—**green and yellow striped shantung two-piece dress, with widened shoulders—"a last-minute fashion note"; ***third picture*****—**a sulphur-yellow light-weight wool-crepe dress trimmed with black fringe; ***fourth picture*****—**a light grey wool-crepe dress with white accessories. All four dresses were exhibited during the Prix des Drags, with which the "Grande Semaine" closed the Paris social season at the beginning of the month

THE W.A.A.F. BAND PAYS A VISIT TO COPENHAGEN: Parading in full strength on the racecourse at the Danish Derby last month

The W.A.A.F. Central Voluntary Band is composed of fifty members of the W.A.A.F., each of whom has volunteered to play in the band in addition to performing her regular and usual duties. Though it has made several official appearances in Britain, the visit to Copenhagen was the first to the capital of a liberated nation. The girls arrived at Copenhagen on Friday, June 22, and toured the city that evening. The visit lasted for three days, and the band was given an enthusiastic reception wherever it went

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FOUR NOVELS AND A MISCELLANY

When the U.S.A. Had a Resistance Movement; Hilda Vaughan is Strongly Romantic; The Competence of Louis Bromfield; George Bernanos' Study of Evil; Another "Windmill" Miscellany

NEARLY 100 years ago, in the United States there was a Resistance Movement and an Underground organised on essentially the same lines as its later European namesake. This Underground Railway, as it was called in 1850, was used to get negroes away from the slave-owning South, through the largely Abolitionist Northern States to Free Canada. Years before the American Civil War, slavery and its abolition had become a vital and dangerous problem, and as far back as 1820 the great Thomas Jefferson had written on this momentous question that, "like a fire bell in the night [it] awakened and filled me with terror."

Miss Constance Robertson has chosen that fine phrase as a title for her novel of that period; a novel which, without any ostensible literary merit, does add to one's knowledge of those times—in my case, a much-needed addition. **FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT** (Bles. 8s. 6d.) has the great advantage, then, of having an idea behind it, and a reasonable though romantic plot through which to express that idea. Its heroine, Mahala North, a tall girl with red hair and the courage of three men, is herself a slave-runner and has rescued some hundreds of them from the South. She is loved by two personable young men, one representing the traditions of the South, one the North. Mahala makes her choice once and even twice, and the traffic in freed slaves goes on. She is, as a character in the novel remarks of someone, as smooth as cat hair and obviously a handy friend to have on your side in a scrimmage. If she is a little intimidating, that is the current fashion in fiction, where 6-ft. heroines built on Trilby's scale seem to be popular and strength of character more important than a Grecian profile.

Altogether, this makes an agreeable way of absorbing one's American history, and if the details of the plot do not linger for long in the memory, the general effect is not wasted on a receptive reader.

Miss Hilda Vaughan is not the writer to be afraid of sentiment, and has boldly planned and executed her new novel on that basis. **PARDON AND PEACE** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is strongly and vividly romantic, which doesn't mean that it takes place on a *Show Boat* scale, or that it has 247 minor characters, or lifetime. There is a man, and a girl, and her husband; another, rather improbably silly, girl, a father, and an old nannie. The last three are cut a little too close to pattern, if anything, but they are not the principals, and, in any case, Miss Vaughan has not expended subtleties on defining her types, who are each clear enough from their first entrance. She has concentrated instead, and with great sensibility, on showing them as what a great Victorian would have called the toys of fate.

They meet, they love, they part, they marry. Time here is of the essence, and it is time itself, in its lapses and encroachments and reminders, more than any human agency, that is the prompter of this piece.

Mark Osbourne comes to the little Welsh valley just before the last war. He sees and falls deeply in love with a girl there—Flora, daughter of the local squire. After the war he comes back to find her. She is unchanged, and he knows instantly that his love at first and at second sight is returned. But she has married in his absence and is tied by pity and loyalty to an embittered, insecure and self-pitying invalid. The triangle is complete and—at least, at first—the situation is dramatically conventional. Miss Vaughan's good taste lifts it something above that, and takes Mark and his Flora out of the realm of the commonplace into another and certainly illusory dimension.

I read the book with pleasure, not caring greatly about the story's outcome, and indeed deprecating the last chapter, but admiring dexterity where I found it, and ability, which it has everywhere.

THE EAGER STUDENT—A STUDY IN COMPLETE ABSORPTION: The chimpanzee is an actor now under contract to a Hollywood producer; unlike many others of his profession, however, he believes in improving his mind during intervals between the sets!

THREE PIECES OF SILVER WHICH REALISED TERRIFIC PRICES IN THE SALE-ROOM: ON LEFT—an Elizabethan silver-gilt tankard and cover, which fetched £3,300; an Elizabethan silver-gilt flagon, £3,100; and an Edward VI salt-cellar and cover, £5,700—a total of £12,100. These huge prices were paid at Christie's during the sale of the collection formed by the late R. W. M. Walker. The salt-cellar was bought fifty years ago for about £2,000: it is a beautiful piece of sixteenth-century craftsmanship. The tankard belonged many years ago to the great merchant adventurer, Sir Paul Pindar. The flagon, 15¼ inches high, is capable of holding a gallon: it was sent by Queen Elizabeth as a present to the Russian Court

Mr. Louis Bromfield's last five novels could be described, and doubtless have been in the appropriate quarters, by all the adjectives which more generally decorate film publicity. They are also confoundedly competent. There is really nothing easier than to read a book by this practised writer; it is not a bit of trouble. Which is not to say that they are insipid, like junket, but rather bland, like a successful mayonnaise.

The present example is true to formula and should have an excellent sale. It is not quite such a good bet for a film as the last two, since there is a good deal of war about it—or rather, of the effects of war—and that is currently as unpopular with Denham as it is with Hollywood. But it is a born best-seller from the libraries' point of view. **WHAT BECAME OF ANNA BOLTON** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is the tale of an American woman of very modest beginnings and immense social splendour.

It is a success story, at first on material and finally on spiritual terms. It is slick, readable, even exciting. And it is quite unconvincing.

Anna's mother is a charwoman in a Middle Western town, hardworking and ambitious only for her good-looking daughter, who marries a delightful young man and loses him and her baby within a year. This experience utterly embitters and hardens Anna's character, and she leaves home for the city deliberately "on the make." With more success than many equally determined characters attempting the same thing, she marries an elderly multi-millionaire and spends a few cloistered years with him, during which time the cold enamelling process is completed.

One of her worldly ambitions attained, Anna comes to England as a fabulously wealthy woman, buys and cajoles her way into what Mr. Bromfield regards as representative English society, and settles down to a glittering, cosmopolitan career between London, Paris and Eden Roc. The war comes, and she observes as much of the Fall of France as one can see from a window on the Vendôme side of the Ritz. But nevertheless, the fire of war reaches her and transmutes her with a very special alchemy.

From here on, her story is a little hard to take, not because each incident isn't perfectly plausible and hasn't its authentic double in fact and in history, but because the change in her own character is so profound that it is less the development of a nature than its complete reshaping. What became of Anna Bolton is indeed a mystery, since the woman of the second half of the book is not even on the visiting-list of the woman in the opening half. This is not an integrated portrait of a personality; it is an exercise in fictional schizophrenia. But, like watching other involved exercises performed by an expert, it has an admirable smoothness and will be greeted with real applause.

The next novel presents a problem: **THE OPEN MIND** (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.), by M. George Bernanos In the first place, it is not an easy book to read; in the second, it is excessively difficult to describe, and in spite of both of these circumstances, the first at least is really worth the effort. For this book is nothing other than a study of Evil, with a very little Good to combat it. The setting is a drab village in Northern France in some timeless, but not war-ridden period, and it could be any village where poverty, suspicion and malice make a pervading misery.

In this village a child is murdered, and this terrible happening seems to let loose a flood of evil in everyone whom it even remotely concerns. Each denounces the other in an orgy of mutual suspicion and calumny, and old sores begin to fester openly. In all this, one old man, a M. Ouine, a retired teacher, discusses life with his own lucid philosophy and retails his findings to a boy whose mentor he has become.

M. Bernanos, with as yet a small output, has achieved an important position in contemporary French literature; his work is here admirably translated by Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop.

Quoting Whistler's "a little paragraph is a dangerous thing," the editors of **THE WINDMILL** (Heinemann. 4s. 6d.) have yet given their current edition of contemporary material a brief foreword or argument in which they state their aims, which are, simply and traditionally, "to present at regular intervals a collection of points of view expressed by contemporary writers, known and unknown . . ."

The present issue contains among its twenty-eight contributions a notable "Alphabet of Literary Prejudice," by G. W. Stonier, an extract from a projected novel by C. P. Snow, poems by Steire Smith, an excellent piece of dramatic reminiscence by Mr. Alan Dent, characteristic stories by Joyce Cary and Thomas Wolfe, and a short memoir, "Men, Women and Herveys," by the same T. H. White who wrote *The Sword and the Stone* of affectionate memory.

Like its predecessor, this issue of *The Windmill* is an excellent piece of work.

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Painted by John Wheatley.

JAMES SPENCER is 67 years of age and fifty six of these have been spent in limestone quarries. Like so many of the Derbyshire limestone quarrymen, he is the son of a quarryman. Two of his three sons are quarrymen and two of his four daughters are married to quarrymen. Up to the present, however, only one of his twelve grand-children has decided to follow the family tradition, and his only great-grandchild is as yet too young to decide! Even in an industry in which the hereditary element is so strong, Mr. Spencer's family associations constitute something of a record. He himself started work at the age of eleven as a "picker" at a limekiln. At that time the "drawer" — the man who draws out the lime at the bottom of the kiln after the limestone has been burnt — was assisted by two boys, one "full-timer" and one "half-timer". As the hot material was withdrawn from the kiln, the boys had to sort it by picking the lumps of lime out by hand and throwing them into a barrow. Mr. Spencer began as the "half-timer", spending one day at work and the next at school. As he grew older he went into the quarries to follow the craft of stone-filler and worked alongside his father. A Territorial soldier, he went to France early in the war of 1914-18 with the Sherwood Foresters, but was transferred in 1916 to the Royal Engineers as a skilled quarryman. He went to a limestone quarry near Boulogne which was producing stone for the road metal for allied military roads, and was put in charge of a compressed-air rock-drill boring holes for blasting purposes. He was demobilized in 1918 and returned to his native Dove Holes and his old job as a stone-filler. In 1942 he was eligible to retire on pension, but volunteered to stay on because of the essential character of his work. This had to do with the development of the P.I.A.T. — for which I.C.I. were responsible — and involved moving a heavy iron target against which the weapon was tested in a quarry.

ICI

How to order enlargements

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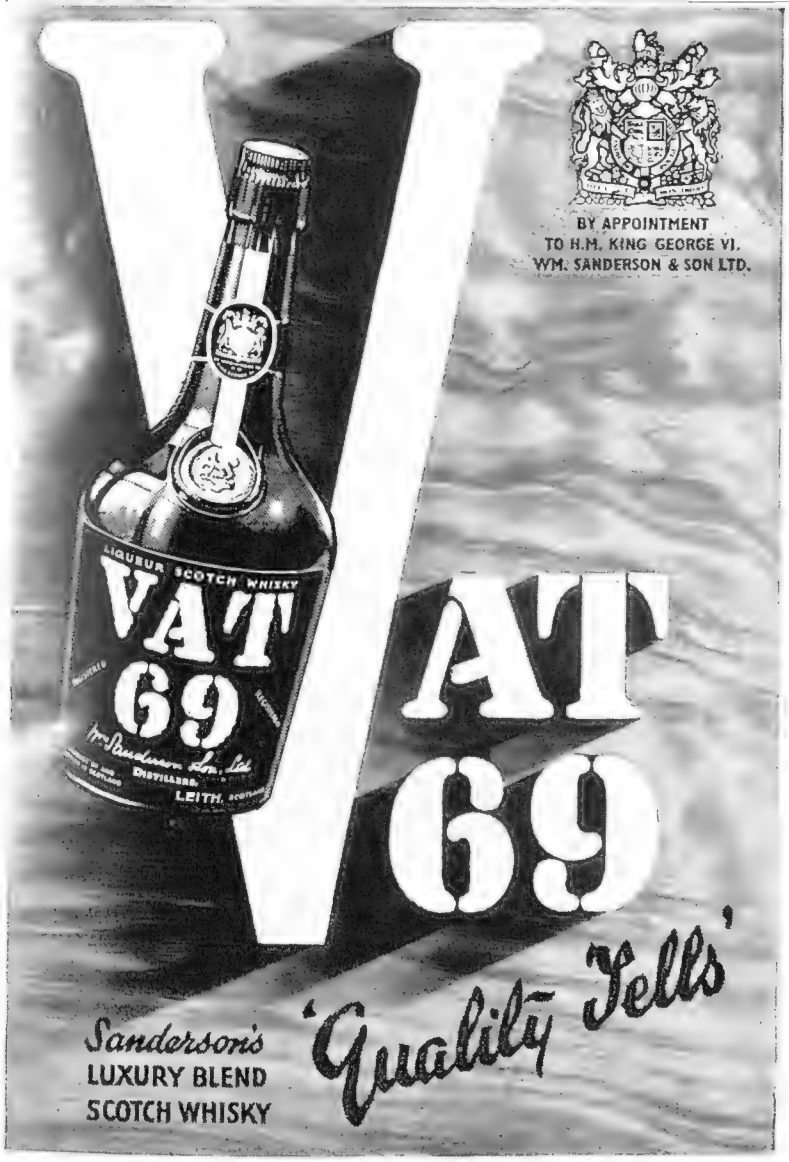

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Engine wear
BEGINS ON THE TEST BED

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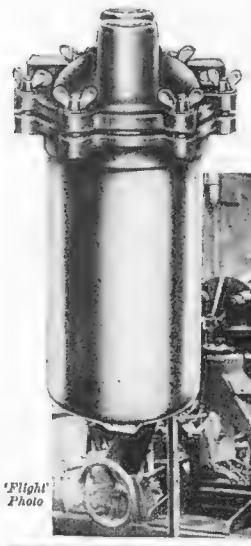

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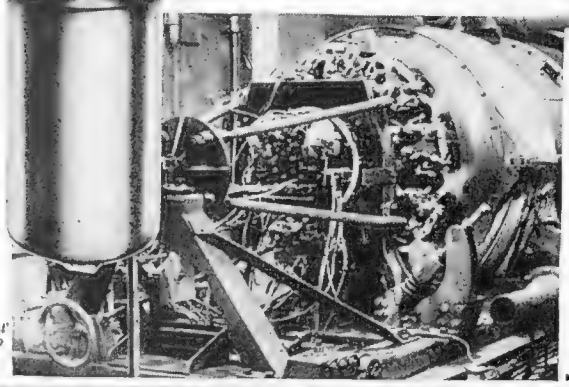

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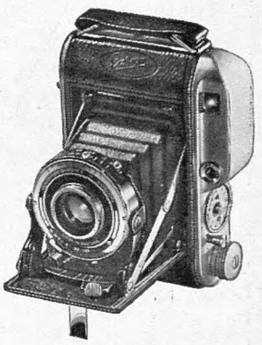

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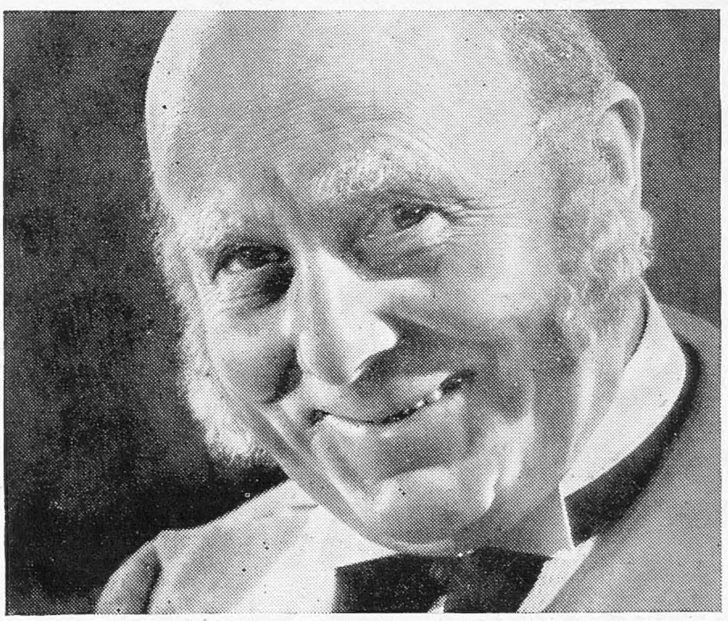

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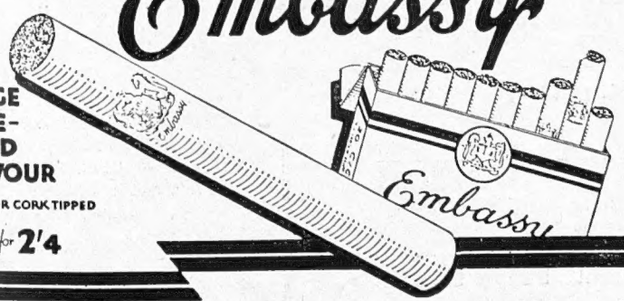

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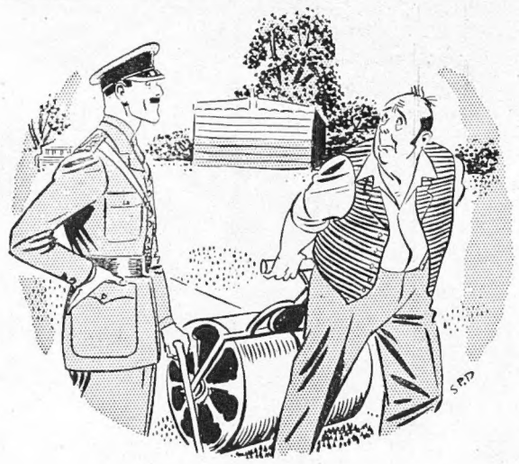

HOME ROLL

"Tell me, Hawkins, what sins are you expiating by turning yourself into a human carthorse?"

"*Well, Mister Gerald, far be it from me to scoff, but those victory diggers played old Harry with this pitch.*"

"Couldn't be helped, Hawkins."

"*No, Sir. So I've appointed myself honorary groundsman, and I'm trying to lick it into some sort of shape.*"

"That's very noble of you."

"*Not at all, Sir. I look forward soon to be helping our side again.*"

"Yes, it'll be good to see you umpiring once more, Hawkins. And proposing the toast of our team at supper afterwards."

"*Ah, Sir, those suppers! I only hope that by the time you're all back we'll be able to get a little more Rose's Lime Juice. We must be able to face the future with a straight eye and a clear bat!*"

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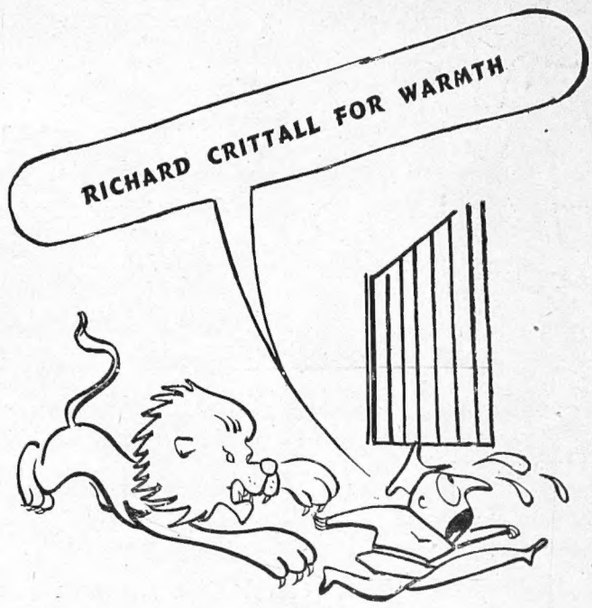

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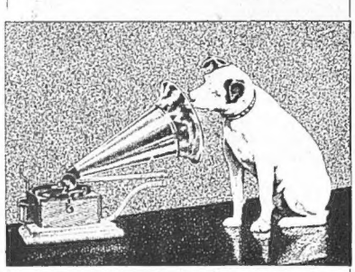

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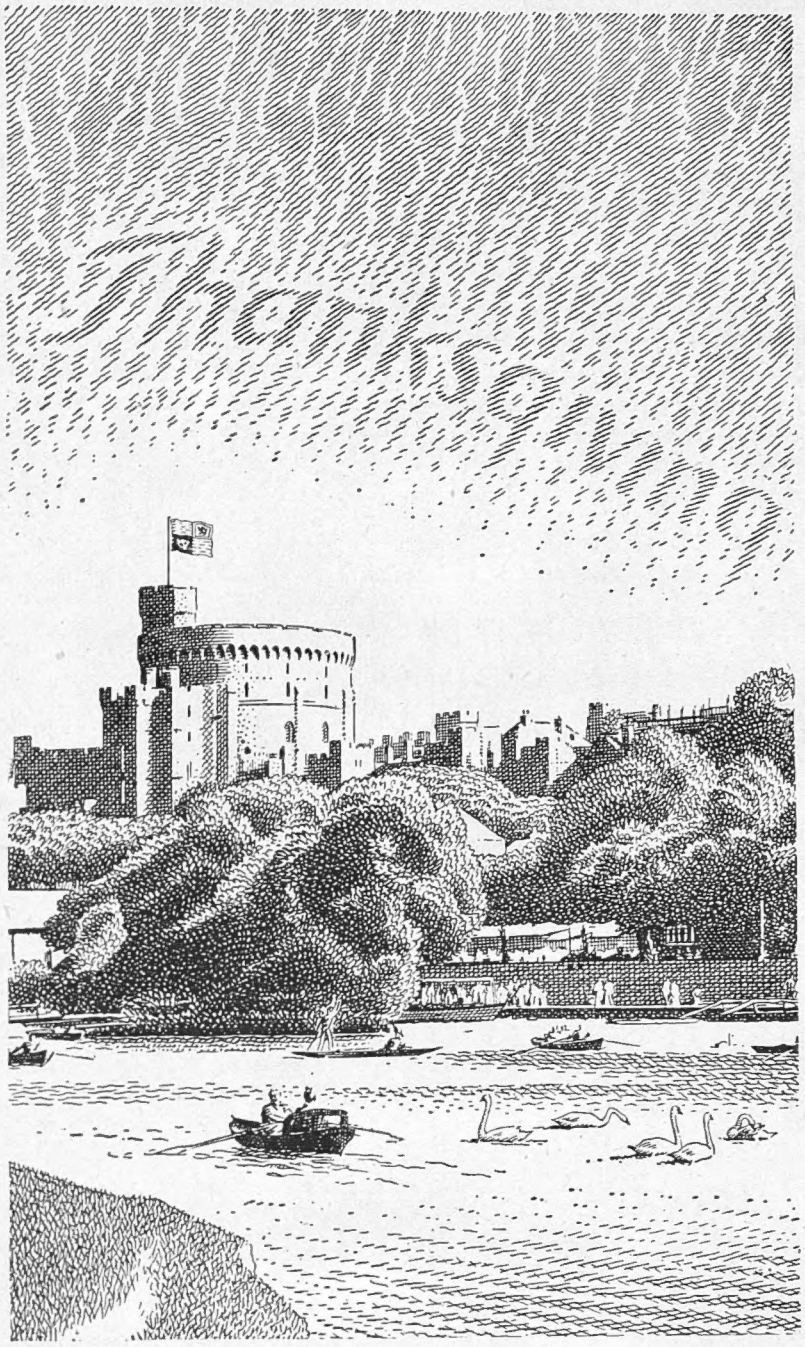

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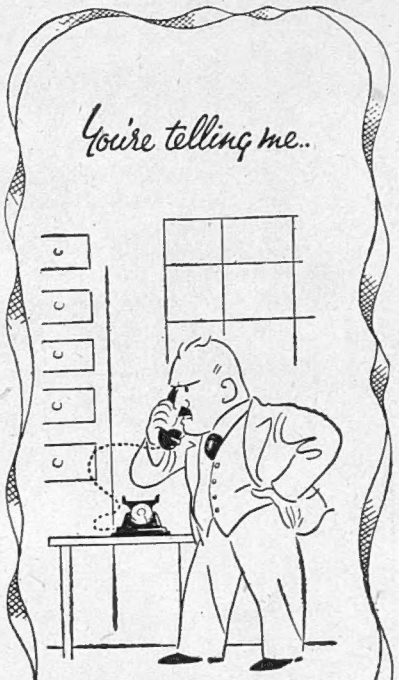

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